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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor
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A LIVELY BOXING BOUT.

A Six-Round Exhibition Pulled Off in Town Monday Night.

KID MILLER VS. TERRY EDWARDS

A Clever Contest Before A Small Audience. It was Merely a [illegible] for Points

A [illegible] was [illegible] the [illegible] Monday evening between Terry Edwards of Brooklyn and "Kid" Miller of Cleveland. The bout was an exhibition contest of six rounds for points and ended in a draw.

"Old Hoss" Young acted as referee and J. C. Backus as timekeeper. Harry Camp was in the corner with Edwards and George West held the bottle for the "Kid." The audience was rather small but what it lacked in numbers it made up in enthusiasm and all were well pleased with what they got for their money.

Edwards wore black tights, white trunks, red garters, black shoes and a determined look, while the "Kid" was robed in white trunks, white [illegible] and a pleasant smile. Promptly at [illegible] o'clock the gladiators appeared in the improvised ring and after being introduced shook hands and retired to their corners.

At the sound of the gong both approached the center of the ring, Edwards assuming a crouching attitude and Miller standing erect and [illegible] on his superior foot action to evade his opponent's vicious jabs and swings. We will not attempt to give a detailed account of the [illegible] rounds, but we were disappointed in the actions of the [illegible] but it was a [illegible] exhibition of the manly art. The "Kid" was much quicker on his feet than Terry but what he lacked in foot work he made up in clever ducking and telling counters. Neither was punished badly, although both took many stiff punches and Edwards was floored twice by the "Kid."

We understand that these boys will give another exhibition of eight rounds Saturday evening and judging from the reports of Monday's bout it will merit the attendance of all lovers of this sport.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

It Occurred in Olean—Bandit Captured In Port Allegany.

A dispatch from Olean dated Feb. 8 says:

"This morning at 2:30 o'clock two men were murderously assaulted and robbed in the vicinity of the old knitting mill in the suburbs. The victims are well known citizens named Bradner and Troy. The highwayman did his villainous work singlehanded, using a brick to strike down the two men. Both were rendered unconscious by injuries to their heads. The robber secured Bradner's gold watch and a sum of money from his pockets. Money was also taken from Troy. The Olean police were soon notified and at once started in pursuit of the highwayman, whom they subsequently discovered was Ralph Gayton, a colored young man of Portville, aged 22 years. Gayton had shown the stolen watch to his brother in that place and a confession which the highwayman had made to his kinsman was secured by the officers. But Gayton has thus far eluded arrest. He is a tough character who was convicted some time ago of highway robbery. At present he is on parole from the Elmira reformatory, where he was serving a term."

Gayton was arrested in Port Allegany Monday morning and returned to Olean. He was subsequently taken to Little Valley to await trial.

Our Meanest Man.

It is two or three weeks since a little son of "Jim" Dunkle put in an appearance at the public school in such a half clothed and partially frozen condition that the sympathies of his teacher were awakened and the child provided with a good warm sweater, for which kindness the little fellow was duly thankful, and left for home with a smile on his face. The next morning he made his appearance minus the new garment, and when questioned as to the reason he informed his teacher that his father had taken it for himself.

We are not inspired to expose this matter through pride in the possession of a man such as Dunkle, not again by any hope of an improvement in his case, but solely that any of our good people who feel inclined to clothe the shivering may, at least in the case of Dunkle, select garments that will not stretch.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

For Sale.

A dining table and sideboard, nearly new; also a heating stove. Call on or address
R. E. BURDICK,
Smethport, Pa.

If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

The following statement of Captain Theodore McGowan, A. A. G. to Gen. Augur, may be implicitly relied upon as a correct version of the assassination of President Lincoln:

"On the night of Friday, April 14, 1865, in company with a friend, I went to Ford's theatre, arriving there just after the entrance of President Lincoln and the party accompanying him. My friend, Lieut. Crawford, and I, after viewing the Presidential party from the opposite side of the dress circle, went to the right side and took a seat in the passage above the seats of the dress circle and about five feet from the door of the box occupied by President Lincoln. During the performance the attendant of the President came out and took the chair nearest the door. I sat and had been sitting about four feet to his left and rear for some time.

"I remember that a man whose face I do not distinctly recollect, passed me and inquired of one sitting near who the President's messenger was, and exhibiting to him an envelope, apparently official, having a printed heading and superscribed in a bold hand. I could not read the address and did not try. I think now it was meant for Gen. Grant. That man went away.

"Some time after I was disturbed in my seat by the approach of a man who desired to pass up the aisle in which I was sitting. Giving him room by bending my chair forward, he passed me and stepped one step down upon the level floor below me. Standing there, he was almost in my line of sight and I saw him while watching the play. He stood, as I remember, one step above the messenger and remained perhaps one minute apparently looking at the stage and orchestra below. Then he drew a number of visiting cards from his pocket from which, with some attention, he drew or selected one. These things I saw distinctly. I saw him stoop and, I think, descend to the level with the messenger and by his right side. He showed the card to the messenger and as my attention was then more closely fixed upon the play, I do not know whether the card was carried in by the messenger or his consent given the entrance of the man who presented it. I saw, a few moments later, the same man entering the door of the lobby leading to the box and the door closing behind him. This was seen because I could not fail from my position to observe it, the door side of the proscenium box and the stage were all within the direct and oblique lines of my sight. How long I watched the play after entering I do not know. It was, perhaps, two or three minutes, possibly four. The house was perfectly still, the large audience listened to 'the dialogue between 'Florence Trenchard' and 'May Meredith,' when the sharp report of a pistol rang through the house. It was apparently fired behind the scenes on the right of the stage. Looking towards it and behind the Presidential box, while it startled all, it was evidently accepted by everyone in the theatre as an introduction to some new passage, several of which had been interpolated in the early part of the play. A moment after a man leaped from the front of the box directly down nine feet on the stage and ran rapidly across it, bare-headed, holding an unsheathed dagger in his right hand, the blade of which flashed brightly in the gaslight as he came within 10 feet of the opposite exit. I did not see his face as he leaped or ran, but I am convinced that he was the man I saw enter. As he leaped he cried distinctly the motto of Virginia, 'sic semper tyrannis.' The hearing of this and the sight of the dagger explained fully to me the nature of the deed he had committed."

The circumstances which led to the success of the present diabolical plot are mainly as follows: As is not uncommon, the general joy and hopefulness after the late brilliant victories, whereby the heart of the insurrection was finally and fatally pierced, the day of rejoicing was concluded by special rejoicing at the public theatres. It has not been the custom of the President habitually to attend these places of amusement, but as this seemed to be an occasion of general rejoicing, he had consented to visit it in company with his wife for the purpose of lending his countenance and encouragement to the prevailing good feeling. Gen. Grant and his wife were expected to be present also, but afterwards changed their determination. The play for the evening was "Our American Cousin." The Presidential party, consisting of Mrs. Senator Harris and daughter and Major Henry J. Rathbun of Albany, arrived at the theatre about forty minutes after eight o'clock and were ushered by Col. Ford into the private box overlooking the stage.

The expected presence of the President and Gen. Grant drew out a crowded house. Booth was observed working his way through the crowd towards the box occupied by the Presidential party, but of course no suspicion was excited by the circumstance. When he reached the sentry at the door of the box he was refused admittance, but in a whisper he announced himself as a senator and said the President had sent for him. He was then allowed to pass in, when Major Rathbun confronted him in a low tone of voice: "You mistake, sir; this is the President's box." Booth graciously begged pardon, turned to go and struck at Major Rathbun with a knife, inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound. He stepped out of the box, passed on to the second door, which was closed, fired through it, [illegible] back again in the box at the first door and in an instant [illegible] upon the stage with the cry of 'sic semper tyrannis.' The whole affair was the work of thirty seconds. Major Rathbun made no outcry at first as he did not wish to create an alarm. All in the box, as well as the sentry outside, heard the shot, but at first supposed it fired in the course of the play. Mr. Lincoln made no outcry when hit and Mrs. Lincoln only discovered it when she turned to him after Booth rushed past her and jumped upon the stage.

There are but few brief details to be added to the scene in the actual moments in which the assassination took place. The President was sitting in a large easy chair which Mr. Ford had placed in the box specially for the evening. Mr. Lincoln was looking on the stage in the second scene of the third act of "Our American Cousin." Mrs. Mountchessington was just leaving the stage, saying to Mr. Hawk, who was playing Asa Trenchard, the words: "You don't understand the manners of good society; that alone can excuse the impertinence of which you are guilty." Trenchard answers, "I guess I know enough to turn you inside out," and the audience clapped their hands and laughed in glee, in which the President joined with a smile and turned his head half way to the audience. At that instant Booth fired the pistol through [illegible] of the box, at the same time [illegible] his arm while looking through the [illegible] open door. The President threw his head slightly forward and seemed to crouch down in the chair. Booth leaped from the box to the stage, cutting Major Rathbun as he passed and shouting "sic semper tyrannis" as he dashed across the stage. It was but 64 feet from the President's box to where Booth left the house. After the shot was fired the occupants of the box seemed paralyzed. Miss Harris recovered first and called to Miss Laura Keene, the actress, for water. As the house was being emptied Miss Keene went around up into the dress circle and into the box. She immediately set to work, placed the bleeding head of the dying man on her lap and endeavored to get some water down his throat, but even then he was wholly unconscious and his breathing was rattlingly noisy. The brain was already commencing to ooze out and the blood bedaubed the robe of the actress. The self-possession of Miss Keene is commented on as the only exception to the general fear that seized upon everyone.

That Booth meant to kill the President is clear enough, but that he did kill him, shooting through a door at an angle which he must have measured with his eye when he first looked into the box, is something almost remarkable. He must have framed his mind for just such emergencies as actually and finally came, or else the success of this shot was a mere stroke of luck for him. In any event, firing as he did, he could scarcely hope for such success once in twenty times. His intimate knowledge of the exits from the stage at Ford's, where he had often played—his last appearance being some six or eight weeks ago when he played Romeo to Mrs. Bowers' Juliet—assisted his escape to the alley, where he mounted his horse and rode away. The horse had been held by an employe of the theatre, who does not appear to have had any connection with the assassination.

The stable where Booth kept his horse temporarily was in an alley about one hundred yards in the rear of the theatre. This alley communicates at a right angle with another one leading out into F street; so after committing the deed, he rushed out of the rear of the theatre, where he had left a small door open a few moments before, and mounting the horse that he had previously brought there from the stable a few yards off, thus got fairly out into another street before any excitement could be created. A personal inspection of this way of escape shows that it defied pursuit and those persons who declare they saw him ride away from the front of the theatre simply imagine it.

Carriages for Sale.

One second hand canopy top surrey. One second hand canopy top 8 spring wagon. Four second hand piano body top buggies. These goods will be sold at a reasonable price to make room for new goods.
PALMER & DODGE,
201 Water St.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 5, 1903.

We handle the celebrated Robeson cutlery. Every knife warranted.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

WANTED—In small family a girl of some experience. Address, Lock Box 6, town.

IN JAIL FOR WIFE BEATING.

"Ormy" Nourse, at Last, Gets Just What He Deserves.

HIS WIFE'S FACE BADLY MARKED.

Not His First Offense. Incarcerated Monday Morning.

"Ormy" Nourse was arrested last Monday on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by his wife, and at the hearing before Squire Knapp was held over for his appearance at court in the sum of $200 bail, in default of which he was committed to jail until the next term of criminal court which will convene on Monday, February 23.

When Mrs. Nourse appeared at the justice's office to testify against her brutal husband, she bore marks on her face and neck as mute witnesses of the treatment she had received at his hands and the fact that Nourse could not procure bail is sufficient proof that his former friends are completely disgusted with him. Mrs. Nourse is a young woman of ordinary stature, while her husband is a six footer who will weigh 200 pounds and at this time she is in a condition when she should receive the tenderest care instead of abuse and blows from the brute she is obliged to call husband.

"Ormy" Nourse comes from a good family, well known in this community, and out of respect for his relatives we have refrained from mentioning many of his past transgressions. When sober Nourse is a good worker and a peaceable citizen, but of late, that has been so seldom that it don't count. His friends have sent him to the whiskey cure a number of times with no avail. When drunk he is a brute in every sense of the word and a menace to everyone with whom he comes in contact. He is quarrelsome, but too much of a coward to seek trouble with his physical equals, preferring to vent his wrath on his poor defenceless wife and a number of times in the past year he has brutally beaten this unfortunate woman.

Once before she had him arrested on a similar charge, but through his promises she let her unfortunate love control her better judgment, paid the costs and gave him his liberty. Let us hope her past experience may prove a valuable lesson and that this time she will let the law take its course and thus, for a time at least, rid the community of a nuisance.

It may not be out of place to remark right here that a person who will sell or furnish intoxicating drink to a man like Nourse is morally more responsible, more guilty than he.

Shawmut Activity.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern has filed with the secretary of the state of Pennsylvania a certificate of increase of its capital stock from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000. The increase is for improvements. This activity on the part of the Shawmut has nearly all arisen in the last year or so, since D. F. Maroney, the new vice president and general manager, accepted service with the road. Mr. Maroney was for years with the Baltimore & Ohio, his last service being as general superintendent at Pittsburg.

Five miles of the branch from Clermont to Kasson, Pa., a distance of 7½ miles, has been graded. In the new line from Angelica to Bolivar, a distance of 23 miles, 15 have been graded.

Bids have been asked for to improve the grade in the Olean branch between Main and Portville, and for a new line between Olean Junction and State Line Junction. From Wayland north to Macedon work is also projected and there is under consideration a branch to Lake Ontario. Definite plans have not yet been formed as to this last project.

Better grades, allowing more economical operations and better connections with other railroads, as well as a more extensive coal business, are the purposes of these improvements. This work is being rushed and all parts of it now under way are expected to be finished before next fall.—Buffalo Express.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 7, 1903.

Frank Briggs, Wm. Dwyer, Britts & Green, N. W. Wick.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.
J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

WANTED—Wanted one energetic solicitor to represent the Grand Union Tea Co. at Smethport and vicinity. Good opening to right party. Small bond required. Call or address Grand Union Tea Co., 6 West Washington St., New Castle, Pa. 7-6t.

Buy your hardware of Holmes & Gilfillan. Their prices are always the lowest.

Use the Redfield mantle.

Entered Into Life.

On last Friday evening a telegram was received from Newark, Ohio, telling of the serious illness of little Bernice Redfield Gillette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melville Gillette, well known to our townspeople and who generally spend a part of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Hamlin and other relatives in this place. A telephone message following the first dispatch brought the news on Saturday that there was but a slight hope of recovery from the severe attack of peritonitis from which the young child was suffering. On Sunday morning word came that the earthly life of the dear child was ended.

A deep sympathy fills many hearts for this sudden sorrow which has fallen upon the parents so early in their beautiful home life, and which has bereft them of the winsome presence of so sweet and lovable a child, one so dear and attractive to all who ever saw her. Her two short years of life were a constant benediction, gladdening other lives with the sweetness of her own and filling other hearts with gratitude and gentleness, being one of those strange forces where strength is found in weakness and which we see repeated again in the saintly mothers, weak but made strong to endure by the presence of a power divine and heavenly. "The morning shall awaken," for love's sorrow is to be turned into joy in realizing the Communion of Saints now, and in recognizing them hereafter, "in the Land of the living."

The child in its robes of white and with flowers in rich profusion, at the service on Monday afternoon, seemed to give a glimpse of what shall be when faith is lost in sight, of what is now so real and true in the radiant beauty of all lives in Paradise. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation, the Lord is the strength of my life."

Obituary.

Died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Learn of First street, Eldred, Feb. 4, 1903, Mrs. Almira Rice, aged 89 years. The deceased was born in Coventry, Chenango county, N. Y., April 17, 1813, and was a daughter of Timothy and Berthenia Carpenter, who were among the earliest of the pioneers who located in what was then the wilderness of Eldred township. She was the oldest of a family of thirteen children, four of whom are yet living, Ozro S. Carpenter and Mrs. W. L. Chrisman of Eldred, Seymour T. Carpenter of Larabee and Daniel F. Carpenter of Harbor Springs, Mich.

At the age of 22 she was united in marriage to Almon Rice and they, choosing a tract of timbered land some two miles north of Eldred, went to work with staunch hearts and willing hands to hew them out a home from the forest primeval, where they spent 42 years of close and loving companionship. Then the husband was called to that "bourne from whence no traveler e'er returns."

Seven children were the result of this union, Bruce, a soldier in the rebellion, lost his life in battle; Orlin died five years previous. Hyde, Hendrick, Beverly and Mrs. John Learn of Eldred and Mrs. N. T. Albee of Perry, N. Y., survive her.

Mrs. Rice was for many years a faithful and conscientious member of the M. E. church of Eldred, a woman of rare ability, of exceptional cheerfulness; noted for her many acts of kindness in times of trouble, her steadfast faith and her pure Christian character, she endeared herself to all.

The funeral was from the M. E. church Feb. 6, Rev. Hugh Boyd officiating and offering many a glowing tribute to her memory. Interment was beside her husband at Oak Hill cemetery.

Don't Sleep in Church.

A Roxborough man, says a Down East paper, rode on the train the other day behind two little school girls, one of them a Methodist and the other an Episcopalian. They appeared to be much interested in church work, for their conversation concerned nothing but guilds, sewing circles, mite societies and aid clubs. They also appeared to regard each other's churches jealously. If one's mite society had 45 members the other's was sure to have 55, and so on. The Methodist little girl said finally to the Episcopalian; "We are holding our midwinter revival now. There has been a great awakening." The other retorted: "We don't need awakenings in our church. We never go to sleep."

Farm for Rent.

The Bayer farm in Sergeant township, one mile from Clermont, is offered for rent. Tenant must take possession this spring; all the necessary farming implements will be rented with the farm. The farm will be rented only to one who will engage to keep stock.
L. BAYER ESTATE.
Clermont, Pa., Jan. 5, 1903.

For Sale Cheap.

Gray mare, perfectly kind, good driver and good worker.
L. W. HOWDEN,
Coryville, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS.

John Clark Fell While Sweeping Sidewalk Sunday Morning.

HE DIED AT 7:15 SUNDAY EVENING.

Brief History of His Life—The Remains Interred at Titusville Wednesday

John Clark was stricken with paralysis about 11 o'clock Sunday morning from which he died at 7:15 that evening. He was aged [illegible] years, [illegible] month and [illegible] days.

Sunday morning Mr. Clark was sweeping the snow off Thomas Camp's porch and sidewalk on Main street when he fell to the ground. Mr. Camp carried the prostrate man into the house and telephoned for a doctor. Dr. Hamilton responded to the call and upon examination found that Mr. Clark's left side was paralyzed.

The unfortunate man was carried to the rooms of his son-in-law, Frank W. Price, in the McNulty building, where he rested and made as comfortable as possible until death came, [illegible] at 7:15 that evening. This was his second stroke of paralysis.

John Clark, [illegible], was born in [illegible], Cameron county, in 18[illegible]. He was employed by the Tidewater Pipe Line company at Titusville for [illegible] years. He came to this place a few weeks ago and was a quiet, pleasant and industrious old gentleman. He is survived by the following children: Thomas H. Clark of Syracuse, N. Y.; John S. Clark of Akron, Ohio; George H. Clark of Pittsburg; [illegible] Albert Clark and Miss Mattie Clark of Titusville, Pa., and Mrs. Frank W. Price of this place.

The remains were taken to Titusville on Tuesday and the funeral held on Wednesday.

Death of Ray V. Dolley.

After a short but exceedingly severe struggle with an attack of pneumonia, Ray V. Dolley, a prominent and popular young business man of Port Allegany, died on Sunday morning last, at the home of his aunt, Mrs. E. B. Dolley.

Deceased was born in California about twenty-five years ago, being the youngest son of Otis V. Dolley, who was many years ago a well known resident of Port Allegany and whose death occurred in his California home several years ago. About six years ago the young man came to Port Allegany with his mother, who is a sister of Mrs. E. B. Dolley, where mother and son took up their residence, the young man succeeding his uncle, E. B. Dolley, deceased, in the hardware business. He was a young man of exemplary habits and morals and soon became exceedingly popular among his associates. He possessed excellent business qualifications and was known far and near as one who always applied the golden rule to all his dealings with his fellow men.

But a few short weeks ago he took possession of his newly equipped hardware store in the E. B. Dolley brick block on Mill street, which had been fitted especially for his use and was considered the finest in all its appointments to be found in the State of Pennsylvania.

He had everything to live for. A loving, tender mother, an affectionate brother and sister and friends by the score. But their tenderest care and most sincere prayers could not prevail against the ravages of the dread disease and he died as above stated, sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

The funeral was held from the Mill street residence of his aunt at 1:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, followed by interment in the village cemetery.

How Our State Got Its Name.

Many people are under the impression that Pennsylvania owes its name to William Penn's vanity. In point of fact it is not named for him, but after Admiral Penn, his father, says an exchange. The fact is proved by this paragraph in a letter written by William Penn, under date of January 5, 1681: "This day, after many writings, watchings, solicitations and disputes in council, my county was confirmed to me under the great seal of England with large powers and privilege, by the name which the King would give it in favor of father. I chose New Whales, being a hilly country, and when the secretary, a Welchman, refused to call it New Whales I proposed Sylvania, and they added Penn to it, though I was much opposed to it and went to the King to have it struck out. He said it was past and he would not take it upon him."

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

Use the Redfield mantle.

SILLY

By M. L. Avary

Copyright, 1901, by the S. S. McClure Company

Her name was Priscilla, but through abbreviation and corruption it became "Silla" and finally degenerated into "Silly." "So easy do even names go to the dogs you know," she explained to Dick.

There were some people in the village who did not hesitate to say that Silly herself would "go to the dogs" some day, she had such "shiftless ways." She preferred to wear plain clothes rather than spend time indoors on needlework. She could not be counted on for the sewing circle nor dragged to the debating society. Moreover, she was not as fond of going to church and Sunday school as she might have been.

"It fits me, Dick!" she cried, her face pink and white as those petals [illegible] a bough of apple blossoms. Her [illegible] hair [illegible] "The name fits. I'm [illegible], you know."

"[illegible] one of your attractions," drawled Dick. "When a woman hasn't any [illegible] she's [illegible] a drawing card in these days. She's a novelty, you know. Women are so awfully wise and clever that they put a fellow to the blush."

They were sitting on the green grass within a fragrant bower of pearl and rose. Something like dewdrops gathered in the girl's forgetmenot eyes.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?"

"Dick, it's the name and the fitness of the name. It seems so absurd to care about it. But I do. When I was little, it seems to me they might have cared enough about me to let me keep the sweet name my mother gave me. I suppose they thought it was a waste of time on me to say 'Priscilla.' If I had been their own child they'd never have called me Silly. And to think it'll stick to me all my life!"

"If it were your last name, now," said Dick, "I could change it for you."

"Don't be silly!"

"You're that when you laugh at my lovemaking. It's poor, but honest."

"Dick, do you think, like all the rest, that sensible talk is wasted on me? Do you, Dick? Oh, what would I not give to be a wise, clever woman with a dignified name! Nobody in the world will ever take me seriously as long as I am called Silly!"

"I'll take you seriously if you'll let me; take you and never let you go."

"Dick, would you be willing, you, a varsity man, to have a wife called Silly? You wouldn't! I can see it in your eyes. Oh, to do something very wise and learned! I'd die happy!"

"For heaven's sake," cried Dick in alarm, "don't do anything wise and learned!"

* * * * * * *

"She never has a serious thought, that girl," her aunt remarked. "If her name don't fit her to a T!"

She was coming up the walk, her arms full of apple blossoms, her hat dangling at her side, singing one of the [illegible] tunes with which she scandalized the town.

"She does seem to be light headed," observed her uncle, Samuel Morris. "But, then, she's a good hearted thing."

She could not remember her parents. They had died when she was so little. She seemed to be a sort of accident in her uncle's and aunt's family, a rather handsome and unpleasant one, which by God's grace they must put up with. They lived in an old, old house on the outskirts of a quaint, rambling old village. It was set about with orchards where many birds loved to nest. Silly, when she might have been embroidering herself a petticoat, making a crazy quilt or [illegible] other sensible thing, preferred to stay out in the orchards with the birds.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Samuel Morris dreamed that a burglar was pressing a pillow down over his face. He tried to cry out, but could not. He heard a great banging at the door and a voice calling:

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] poor Silly," he thought [illegible] moved.

Then [illegible] was pulling him out of bed. There was smoke and a gleam of [illegible] flames. Something wet was slapped over his face. He was being dragged over the floor and down the steps by one who panted hard. A voice—Silly's—was screaming:

"Help me save uncle! Somebody go back for aunt! I couldn't find her!"

"No use!" voices cried back. "Come out quick! The house is about to fall in!"

"I'll save her or I'll die trying! Take uncle!"

They told him afterward, the few neighbors who had seen the fire after it was well under way and had come to help if they could, that as she went back the steps fell down behind her. She had jerked the wet blanket from around him and thrown it about herself.

How she found her aunt in that smoke filled house, with the roar and singing of the flames in her ears, the flash of fire in her eyes, she never could tell. But find her she did, lying insensible on the floor. She jerked the sheets from a bed, tore them into strips, tied these together and bound one end around her aunt's waist, thinking as she did so:

"Ah, how can I lift her and lower her from the window without killing her!"

But she did it, this wise, strong young Silly, who looked to those below like a goddess of the flames. Younger and more daring help had come. A ladder reaching part way up was against the uncertain walls. Dick was climbing it. He received her burden as she lowered it and passed it on to those below. Then he held out his arms.

"Come, beloved," he said. "Come quickly!"

She had fastened one end of the rope about her waist, the other about the bedpost. She was looking down.

"Come!" Dick called again. She climbed out of the window and began to descend hand over hand. Her senses seemed leaving her. She let go.

When she came to herself, she was lying on a big white bed in the village parsonage. People were talking.

"She had more sense than any of us, never lost her head; knew just what to do."

"And she's brave! Think of going back into that house with the steps falling behind her!"

"Yes." The pastor was speaking slowly and ponderously. "She's our village heroine, is Priscilla."

Through the door the voice of the rich man of the village rang out:

"I am going to name the new library I'm giving this village for her."

"S-sh!" The village doctor was speaking. "We must have quiet now. She's recovering consciousness."

"What is it, Priscilla?"

"Apple blossoms," she murmured foolishly. "My hands are so hot, Dick!"

He was kneeling by her bed. The pretty face and hands were bruised and blackened, and the flames had not altogether spared the beautiful golden hair.

"Dick, it hurts so bad to be clever and brave. They're saying I'm that. And I've [illegible] name. But oh, Dick, I don't want to be wise. It's so painful. Let the others call me Priscilla," in a whisper. "It sounds dignified, and I like it from them. But you—you just call me Silly. I'm not wise or brave, Dick. Don't tell anybody. I went back into the fire because I didn't have any better sense."

"You are right, beloved," said Dick. "Wise people do not run back into the fire to save others. Only the brave, the fools and the angels do that."

The Passing of the Pie.

A word as to the causes of the disfavor with which pie has come to be regarded. Like other things, it kept a place by force of tradition after its special work was done, and, being always a "hearty" dish, when the savory piece of pie was added to the plenty of the prosperous table in the nature of things it proved the one straw too much and broke down the digestion already weakened by indoor life and airtight stoves.

The pie is not as black as it has been painted, having had to bear the load of many circumstances not its own fault. The viand which has usurped its place at dinner is not as blameless as it is commonly held to be. For children eating no meat pudding may well be dinner, but for grownups a helping of pudding gives as much unnecessary food value as did pie. It must be remembered in discussing pastry also that it was in good hands not the heavy, greasy kind so often found today. The early cooks attained great skill in preparing light, flaky "crusts." The passing of the pie is not to be regretted in view of the greater abundance of fresh food, especially as the making of the pie requires not only skill but time, and the baking of the pie in modern stoves is a matter of large experience.—Good Housekeeping.

Perishable Goods.

In a Vermont village there lives a young man who has reached the age of twenty-four with no apparent thought of taking to himself a wife, although all his companions have either "settled" or left the place. He is regarded by the entire community as a confirmed bachelor. His mother looks upon his state with a sadness which has afforded more or less amusement to her summer boarders.

"Here's one of his last pictures," said the mother, displaying a photograph on a small card. "It's a good likeness, ain't it? Getting kind of drawed round the mouth, same as his pa, he is. I said to him that I'd been wanting he should have a dozen taken so I could give 'em round to his friends—young ladies—for sometimes a picture standing on a bureau, facing right to you every morning, will start a kind of affectionate feeling. I've been waiting in the hopes he'd think of it himself, but when I saw that he was beginning to fade and show his age I took matters right into my own hands and marched him to the photographer quick as I could. I only hope some good may come of it."—Youth's Companion.

Breaking the Silence.

A little tot of about five summers held a place recently in one of the United States supreme court seats while the learned justices were handing down their weighty decisions. The court was the embodiment of dignity, so much so that it was almost oppressive. The little girl fidgeted in her place as the justices in monotonous tones expounded fine points of law, and she shook her head, adorned with a big picture hat, in impatience.

There came a pause. One justice ceased to speak, as he had given forth all he had to say on some important litigation. The silence was thick enough to be cut with a knife, as they sometimes say in the books. The messenger by the noiseless folding doors shifted from one foot to the other, the throng of lawyers within the bar waited breathlessly for the next decision to be announced. Still no justice spoke.

It was more than the little girl with a picture hat could endure. "Mamma," said she in a voice audible even up to the judicial bench, "why don't some one laugh?"—New York Tribune.

Sadiron and Tailor's Goose.

A "sadiron" is the style in which the common flatiron is spoken of in print, says the Syracuse Herald. "Sad" is an old English synonym for heavy, and Spenser wrote, "More sad than lump of lead." A "sadiron" was a heavy iron and long ago was applied to the flatiron now in common domestic use. The tailor's "goose" was so called because the handle bears a fanciful resemblance to the neck of a goose. This name because it had a reason for being still survives.

The Frosted Hand.

"Yes, and after she refused me she waved her hand in farewell."

"Sort of cold wave, wasn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BIRMINGHAM PICTURES.

They Were Mere Paper, but They Subdued the Artist Turner.

Turner, the great landscape painter, was a curious mixture of parsimony and generosity, determined money grubbing and unreckoning devotion to his art. He would drive a hard bargain one day and the next refuse to sell at any price. Intending purchasers were sometimes excluded from his gallery, and the refusal of admission was communicated in anything but a polite manner.

Mr. Gillott, the wealthy pen manufacturer of Birmingham, once proved himself equal to the task of storming the castle in the teeth of the gruff artist and his doorkeeper and achieving a bargain. A book on Turner gives the story.

Mr. Gillott was met at the door of Turner's house by an old woman, who opened the door and asked the gentleman's business.

"Can't let 'e in!" she snapped out, when he told her, and tried to slam the door.

But Mr. Gillott had put his foot inside the door and without waiting for permission pushed past the enraged janitress and hurried upstairs to the gallery. Turner met him like a spider whose web has been invaded. The intruder introduced himself and said that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell!" was the answer.

"Have you seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" inquired the visitor as calmly as if he had been received as a gentleman should be.

"Never heard of 'em," said Turner.

Mr. Gillott took from his pocket some Birmingham bank notes.

"Mere paper," remarked Turner, who evidently enjoyed the joke.

"To be bartered for mere canvas," said the visitor, waving his hand to indicate the paintings on the wall. His tone—perhaps also the sight of "the 'mere paper'"—conquered Turner, and when the visitor departed he had bargained for several valuable pictures.

THE MISSING FOWL.

An Experience With an Absent-minded English Artist.

Wills invited me to dinner one afternoon when I met him in the Strand. I accepted, reminding him that as he was absentminded he had better make a note of the evening. As he had no paper in his pocket he wrote the date on his shirt cuff. When the appointed evening arrived I went to his studio. The door was opened by Wills, and I could see that he had forgotten all about the appointment. "Ah, old fellow," he exclaimed, "do not be too hard on me. The cuff went to the wash, and the date with it. But there is a fowl in the pot boiling here," continued Mr. Wills. "Just come in and wait a few minutes."

I had my misgivings, but walked inside and sat down upon the only chair not crowded with paint, brushes and palettes. After waiting for about twenty minutes, feeling deucedly hungry, I groaned. This had the effect of reminding Wills that I was present. He exclaimed in a dreary voice, "The fowl must be boiled by this time," and coming forward he lifted the lid of the pot and peered inside. "It is very odd," he remarked, "but I cannot see the fowl. Extraordinary! No one has been here, so the bird cannot have been stolen."

Well, the long and short of it is that a week or two later I called again at the studio, noticed a peculiar odor and discovered the old fowl wrapped up in a piece of brown paper. "Ah!" said Wills, "now I know how it all happened. When the fowl was brought in there came a smart visitor—Lady G.—about sittings for her portrait. I must have thrown the fowl behind a canvas and forgotten all about it. But now, old fellow, do shut up!"—London Mail.

The Parsee.

The Parsee, untrammeled by his surroundings, is seen in Bombay in all his wealth of height and dress. The men are, without exception, tall, finely formed and stately and possess a robustness and beauty quite in contrast with their Hindoo neighbors.

Their street costume is a peculiar long white cotton gown, wide trousers of the same material and color and a tall miter shaped hat. They have a general reputation for sobriety, frugality and sincerity, and they seem to thoroughly understand the accumulation of fortunes, in this respect resembling the Hebrews. The wealthiest residents of Bombay are Parsees.

Where Cobras Are Held to Be Sacred.

The Hindoos on account of their superstition are very loath to destroy a cobra. It appears prominently in their mythology, and it is venerated both as a symbol of a malicious and destructive power and also a beneficent one. According to Mr. A. K. Forbes, cobras are looked upon as guardian angels, and there is a Bengalese tradition that a male infant auspiciously shaded by a cobra will come to the throne.

She Was a Poor Guesser.

Wife—That young man who calls on our daughter has me guessing.

Husband—How's that?

Wife—I don't know whether he is economical or has a grudge against the gas company.—Chicago News.

Only the Beginning.

"Is this, then, to be the end of our romance?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "My lawyer will call on you in the morning. I have a bushel and a half of your letters."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Exercise.

Miss Primrose—Don't you ever give your dog any exercise?

Miss Hollyhock (fondling a fat pug dog)—Of course. I feed him with chocolates every few minutes just to make him wag his tail.

A chimney of 115 feet height will, without danger, sway ten inches in a wind.

Beware of the man whose dog dislikes to follow him.—New York Life.

DUMMY DEE AND THE BISHOP

By L. E. Chittenden

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Dummy Dee had come to call upon the bishop.

The bishop and he were very particular friends and therefore shook hands, as man to man, in a very cordial manner.

"I came," said Dummy Dee, "on very particular business, and I would have been awful sorry not to find you at home."

"I am very glad to be here, Dummy Dee," said the bishop, smiling at his guest.

There was a short pause, Dummy Dee frowning thoughtfully into space for ideas and the bishop waiting to hear the manner of his guest's business.

"Are you ever lonesome, bishop?" asked Dummy Dee at last, hunting for words and clasping his short arms around his knee.

"Yes, often," said the bishop, the note of truth vibrating through his tone.

Childless and wifeless and of strong and often unpopular opinions, the scholarly bishop was indeed a lonely man, just now particularly so.

A controversial point had forced him into a position where he stood almost if not quite alone. He tried to believe his position was a matter of principle. His enemies said it was obstinacy and dogmatism, and even his warmest friends were silent and regretful over the matter at issue.

He had when Dummy Dee came in been writing on the point, and bitter, fiery words were penned on the sheets of paper that strewed the open desk. He glanced at them now as he spoke, and from them to the beautiful pictured face of his young wife, who had died very early in their married life.

Yes, he was very lonely.

Dummy Dee nodded and looked thoughtfully at the glowing grate fire.

"Nice things happen sometimes when you're lonesomest, though," he said by way of giving a small crumb of comfort to his friend.

"You know mother is sick and down south getting her health and father busy at the settlement work, and sometimes I get kind of a stomach ache in my heart and a lump in my throat.

"My, it most chokes me," he added feelingly. "But just the other day the summer boarder sent me these bicycle trousers," sticking out his short leg for the bishop to see, "for I never could have stood it in the world. She knew how I felt about kilts and aprons and always having to wear something of the other children's 'count of their growing so fast and me not. I slept with 'em that night in bed, and once when I woke up and thought about mother I just reached over and felt of these, and then I felt better. Did you ever try anything like that?" he asked, looking at the bishop's trousered legs stretched out on the other side of the fire.

"No," the bishop replied bravely; he had not thought of it.

"Then there are always things to do for folks, you know, and that's one thing I came to see about," continued Dummy Dee. "I've been taking soup and books and things up for the settlement people to a little girl who lives in an attic near the settlement.

"She's got a kind of mother, only she's an aunt and awful bad to her. She drinks something out of a bottle," and Dummy Dee lowered his voice to a shocked whisper—"and she is awful mean to Nora."

"What is the matter with Nora?" asked the bishop.

"A spinal back I think they call it," said Dummy Dee, with a learned air, "and I feel so sorry. I asked father if he'd adopt her, and he said he thought he couldn't. I've thought I'd marry her if necessary, but father would have to adopt us both then. What do you think?"

The bishop's principal thought was a desire to laugh, but he held his peace, so Dummy Dee went on:

"She's English. I've told her about you. She calls you lord, but I said not lord exactly, only kind of next to the Lord, you know."

At this the bishop could contain himself no longer, but put back his head and laughed a pealing laugh that startled the shadows in the dim, quiet library, and he only stopped when he beheld Dummy Dee gazing at him in mild surprise.

"Come," said the bishop, springing up like a boy, "let us go and see Nora."

"Goodby!" said Dummy Dee, getting up, or sliding down, rather, from his chair. "That's what I wanted. Let's walk. It isn't very far, and it's a fine day."

But before they started the bishop swept up the written sheets of paper and threw them on the grate. They blazed cheerfully.

"Hi!" said Dummy Dee. "See 'em wriggle as if they hurt."

"I intended they should hurt others," said the bishop softly, with a curious smile.

Many curious eyes turned to watch the two, the dignified ecclesiastic in his churchly garb and the shiny, romping, rosy child, who, not altogether unaware of these glances, took them largely as a tribute to his beloved bicycle trousers and strutted proudly.

Two delightful stops were made before they reached the tenement where little Nora lived, and they went on, laden with books, games and flowers.

"Father says she looks like a picked flower without water," said Dummy Dee as they climbed the steep, rickety stairs.

They entered the room in response to Nora's summons, and Dummy Dee, somewhat embarrassed, made the bishop known to the pale faced child lying on the dingy bed.

No one had ever seen the scholarly bishop in so delightful a mood as the two children found him that afternoon. Nora's cheeks grew pink with happiness and her eyes brighter than ever as she listened to stories, guessed riddles and played games with the bishop and Dummy Dee.

At last the shadows grew longer.

"I've a last story to tell you two children before we go," said the bishop, "and you must be very quiet and listen hard, for there is a guessing part to it.

"Once upon a time," began the bishop, "there lived a man alone, and, as sometimes happens to lonely people, he grew selfish and bitter hearted. He forgot the teachings of the one whom he had vowed to serve, but tried instead to serve himself and was unhappy, as all such men are.

"There came to him one day a dear little friend of his who was also lonely, but who tried to forget his loneliness by helping others and was comforted by doing this. So the man learned a lesson from his little friend, and he, too, found comfort and happiness as the boy had.

"Now, the man naturally did not want to be lonely and unhappy and bitter again, for he found the better part, so he thought out a plan. He would take the boy down south to his mother, who is almost well, but not quite so well as she will be when the man comes to [illegible] boy."

[illegible] cry [illegible] Dummy Dee [illegible] flung himself bodily into the bed's [illegible], cuddled his head [illegible] shoulder and lay there sniffling happily. He groped vainly for his handkerchief that could not be found, and his fingers closed gratefully over the bishop's fine lawn that he found within his grasp.

"Guessed," said the bishop, laughing, with a shake in his voice. "The first part of my puzzle story guessed without a mistake. Now for the second. Then he took the little sick girl to a white, bright room that he knows of in the children's hospital, where, surrounded by birds, books and flowers and loving care, she can get well and perhaps come to live in the lonely house of the lonely man to brighten it."

Another little cry from the bed, and Nora's slender, groping fingers sought the bishop's hand. "Me?" she said. "Me—Nora? Would my aunt—"

"I think so," said the bishop. "We will find a way. But what a fine pair of guessers these two are! Never to make a mistake!"

When the kind hearted woman on that floor came in to look after Nora, her aunt being away serving time for drunkenness, they went away and left the happy child, already better, with hope and joy working miracles with her.

"You make up your mind the best and quickest of any one I ever knew. How did you think of such beautiful things?" asked Dummy Dee as they felt their way down the rickety stairs.

"It's a thank offering, Dummy Dee," said the bishop, with a return of his curious smile, "for burning the papers."

Three Signs.

When I was a young man, said an old timer, I was employed in an Ohio town of some 1,500 inhabitants. One day the town was billed from roof to foundation in flaming letters "They're Coming!" One couldn't get away from the big letters. They followed him everywhere, and half the town would awaken in the middle of the night with those big letters staring them in the face, while they wondered what it all meant.

A week or more passed, and one morning every one of those signs was covered with another equally daring "They Have Come; at Town Hall Tonight!" And you may be sure the town turned out in force. There wasn't standing room, although a liberal admittance fee was charged. Inside a big curtain excluded the stage, and to this all eyes were turned as the appointed hour drew near. There was a little delay, and it was about half past 8 when the curtain slowly rose, disclosing to view another of the big lettered signs, only the wording was different this time.

The sign read "They Have Gone!" And you can bet your last dollar it wasn't long before the townspeople had gone. Some clever fellows had worked the game successfully and got away with a snug little sum, leaving only a couple of townspeople to pull up the curtain.

A Lost Art.

"Graceful bowing," remarked the statuesque young lady at the head of the tea table, "is fast becoming one of the lost arts. Few are proficient in it, and, indeed, the dignities are many. I am referring of course to men. Women are still mistresses of the art, but not all of them, either.

"But I have seen men who were fat, not to say tubby, and they find that a mere inclination of the head is a burden, for it induces disagreeable rushes of blood to the head, and that is bad for men who wear twenty inch collars. And there are men who are tall, lean and scraggy, and when they bow, being sensitive plants, they think and make the spectator think, of stringed marionettes, and they dread the smile of the man in the street.

"And I have seen men whom the critical moment found unprepared, with hands in pockets. And I have seen them when they were wearing caps and clutched vainly and instinctively at hat brims, and I blushed at their grotesque poses and involuntary caricatures of the line of beauty."—New York Times.

Fill the Place Well.

Where one man is called to be a hero on some great scale 10,000 men are called to be courteous, gentle, patient. There are conspicuous virtues which make reputation, and there are quiet virtues, the virtues of private life, which make character. It is not every man's duty to fill a large place, but it is every man's duty to fill his own place well.—Christian Evangelist.

The Trouble With Poultry.

An old woman who went into the poultry business under the expectation that she could make a fortune by selling eggs has quit it in disgust because, as she says, "the hens never 'll lay when eggs are dear, but always begin as soon as they are cheap."

Special Sale

All our fall and winter pattern hats, untrimmed hats and winter millinery will be closed out at and below cost.

For rare bargains call and see us.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh,
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
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First Class Rigs
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MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

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SILVERWARE,
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ENGLISH PORCELAIN,
BRIC-A-BRAC,
GLASSWARE,
JAPANESE GOODS,
[illegible]

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 12 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Election next Tuesday.

—Small pox is a thing of the past in Mt. Jewett.

—The Salvation Army, which held forth here for several weeks, left for Mt. Jewett Monday.

—The new Rew City Hotel at Rew City is about completed. Beside having many modern conveniences it will have a spacious dancing hall.

—Hon. H. H. North has been reappointed postmaster of Bradford. His past record, and especially his work during the fire, merited the honor.

—A concert will be given by the singing class of Coryville in the church at that place Saturday evening, Feb. 21, under direction of Prof. Ault of Angelica, N. Y.

—The Port Allegany Camp of Modern Woodmen of America has shown a very generous spirit in donating the use of its hall to the G. A. R. of that place for their meetings.

—"Among Those Present" will be presented by Mrs. La Moyne and her company at the Wagner opera house, Bradford, Saturday evening. This is one of the best attractions on the stage this season.

—John Watson of Russel City, who was injured in the wreck on the B. &. O. railroad Dec. 9, has been informed by the company that a voucher for $2,255 for injuries received will reach him in ten days.—Kane Republican.

—Mrs. H. S. Lent of Sweden Valley picked a full bloom, fresh, beautiful pansy Sunday from a bed which had been covered with a foot of snow for some weeks, until melted away by the recent thaw.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—A marriage license was recently issued at Peoria, Ill., to an infant boy 2 years of age and a girl of 16. This was done with the consent of the parents of both in order to keep the inheritance intact. Since her marriage the wife has her troubles and has to call in the assistance of her mother-in-law, as hubby will not let her sing him to sleep, but insists on crying for mamma in the old fashioned way.

—Strange isn't it that the ones who kick on the local newspaper are always the ones who borrow it from their neighbors. Those who subscribe are satisfied but those who sponge its reading hardly think they get their money's worth. If you are not a subscriber you are not supposed to know what is in the paper or what is not in it and you have no kick coming. Remember this please.—Cross Fork News.

—A party of our citizens have under consideration the project of leasing from the stockholders the old fair grounds and putting it in shape for race meets, the coming season and possibly holding an agricultural meeting this fall. Here is hoping that the plan will not miscarry.—Port Allegany Argus.

—The world is full of heroines. They are wives and mothers who struggle lovingly and submissively for others; they are heroines whose persistent endeavors are never paid for; who deny themselves the pleasures which others enjoy. They become slaves to duty—and their families—and so continue until death frees them. The world could not do without them; it knows of their self sacrifice, their devotion, their trials and tribulations. But the world does not appreciate them.—Bradford Era.

—Miss Marga Cerlaus is a young Czec girl who has been attracting attention in Paris because her color changes in sympathy with her varying sensations. Anger makes her look like a negress. Joy makes her pink. Anxiety gives her a tint and fear turns her into a beautiful violet. Sometimes it is her face that changes, sometimes her foot or arm or hand, and sometimes her whole body. Only when she is asleep is her color all over her a natural hue. Report has it that this phenomenon has been noticed since she was almost drowned in a boating accident.

—The editor of this paper has the pleasure and indeed the honor of receiving the first dividend check ever issued by the Citizens National Bank. At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the bank it was decided to pay a three per cent. dividend on the stock. Check No. 1 came our way and is not only a pretty check, but the gratification that comes with it as an evidence of the success of the new bank is even nicer.—Port Allegany Reporter. This is the first case that has come to our notice where a country editor ever got hold of stock in a national bank. Most of us have all our surplus money invested in back subscriptions and they don't pay any 3 per cent. dividends, either.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

On Saturday evening the grange conferred third and fourth degrees and all partook of the harvest feast. There being several visitors present an open session was held for some time that all might have a social time. Visitors from abroad were: Brothers McIntyre and Dorer of Clarion county, Mr. McDougle and wife of Clarksville and A. L. Sackett of Bradford. The latter amused the grange by his "axe grinding" remarks. The brothers from Clarion spoke on the insurance question, giving instruction on several points of interest to the grange. Taken in all it was a pleasant and profitable evening and we feel assured all were bettered by this social meeting.

There seems to be an epidemic of "Ormsby" fever of late. We have lost our merchant, school director, two carpenters, grange officer, organist, post master and many others. Still the fever rages and we know not when it will abate. May our loss prove their gain is the wish of their remaining friends.

The Ladies' Aid met in Grange hall Wednesday and Thursday of last week to prepare bedding for the camp of [illegible] Decker. All seemed to enjoy [illegible] and [illegible] a good lot of work was accomplished.

Miss Stull and Mrs Anderson attended the teachers' association at Mt. Jewett on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Mrs Bertha Wandover of Austin has been spending the last two weeks with her brother's family at this place.

W. S. Wandover has rented the farm of W. P. Beckwith and taken possession already.

Don't forget to attend the meeting on Wednesday evening of each week.

N. W. Taylor and wife of Turtle Point visited the Valley Sunday.

A. L. Sackett of Bradford Sundayed with Valley friends.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Spanish Dances.

[illegible]

It is said [illegible] the body [illegible] itself to its own [illegible] Spanish dancing, which, no doubt, derives its eastern color from the Moors, is almost equally a dance of the whole body, and its particular characteristic, the action of the hips, is due to a physical peculiarity of the Spaniards, whose spines have a special and unique curve of their own.

Her Father's Strength.

Recently in a Sunday school the teacher was telling her class of small pupils the interesting story of Samson, of whom she spoke as being the strongest man that ever lived.

Little Ethel, a golden haired new recruit, listened to the story with great interest. After the teacher had finished, Ethel held up her chubby hand.

"Well, Ethel," asked the teacher, "what is it?"

"Samson wasn't as strong as my papa is."

"Is your father so strong?" queried the teacher, smiling.

"Oh, my papa's offul strong," replied Ethel with emphasis. "Why, I heard mamma say that he had a jellyfant on his hands."—Columbus Journal.

Barometers and Dust.

When the barometer falls, the air around expands into a larger volume and the air inside the cupboard also expands and forces itself out at every minute crevice. When the barometer rises again, the air inside the cupboard, as well as outside, condenses and shrinks and the air is forced back into the cupboard to equalize the pressure, and along with the air in goes the dust. The smaller the crevice, the stronger the jet of air, the farther goes the dirt. Witness the dirt tracks so often seen in imperfectly framed engravings or photographs. Remember, whenever you see the barometer rising, that an additional charge of dust is entering your cupboard and drawers.

Prophetic Dreams.

The belief in prophetic dreams is not entirely a superstition, according to the results obtained by two members of the French institute. They point out that at night when the senses are at rest the brain is affected particularly by organic feelings in various parts of the body and that early symptoms of advancing diseases give a particular direction to the dreams. A familiar instance is nightmare, which indicates a dyspeptic condition. Immoderate drinkers see rats, snakes and insects in their dreams before the actual outbreak of delirium tremens, and so on.

In Her Debt.

As a pleasant faced woman passed the corner Jones touched his hat to her and remarked feelingly to his companion:

"Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman."

"Your mother?" was the query.

"No, my landlady."

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Snakes Waste Little Time Eating.

A serpent will go for weeks, sometimes even for months, without feeding. Then it may take three rabbits or ducks one after the other, at a single meal and afterward become torpid while digestion proceeds. When, after a sufficient period of fasting, it gets disposed to eat and a rabbit happens to be introduced into its cage, it may plainly be seen that the rabbit's presence is quickly noticed by it. The snake will begin to move slowly about till it has brought its snout opposite the rabbit's muzzle. Then, in an instant, it will seize the rabbit's head in its mouth, simultaneously coiling its powerful body around it and crushing it to death at once.

The action is so instantaneous that it is impossible for the rabbit to suffer. Certainly it can suffer no more than when killed by a poulterer. The snake does not immediately unroll its folds, but continues for a time to hold its victim tightly embraced, sometimes rocking itself gently to and fro. Then it slowly unwinds its huge body and once more takes the rabbit's head in its mouth and swallows it.

Literary Diseases.

Many occupations have diseases which are more or less incident to them, and literary work is not exempt. The two most prevalent literary maladies are writer's cramp and swelled head. The [illegible] thing about writer's cramp is that it is never cured. The [illegible] thing about swelled head is that it never kills.—Exchange.

Get Children Started Right

Measles, scarlet fever, mumps and whooping cough are universally prevalent.

With all these, the disease itself is often trivial, but the after effects are very serious.

Close observers say that one-half the people suffer from eye trouble (result of measles), or from deafness, catarrh, kidney trouble (result of) other diseases of childhood.

Now a child in robust health will throw off these diseases. A weak, ailing child will probably suffer all its life.

We have just the medicine for puny, ailing children. It is Vinol. It is pleasant to take, it is free from dangerous drugs, it is nourishing, and gently tonic, it helps the food to digest and gives strength.

It has been used in this town with great success when children were slow in getting over whooping cough and measles.

It seems to give them a start, and they become bright and healthy. Used with Vinlax, the bowel regulator, it is safe and sure, both for ailing children and burdened mothers. Take home a bottle on our guarantee of money back if it's not good. Don't let your little ones remain weak and ailing.

J. W. VOORHEES,

DRUGGIST.

WHOEVER

gets here first gets first pick. There are a small lot of $10, $11.50 and $12

SUITS and OVERCOATS

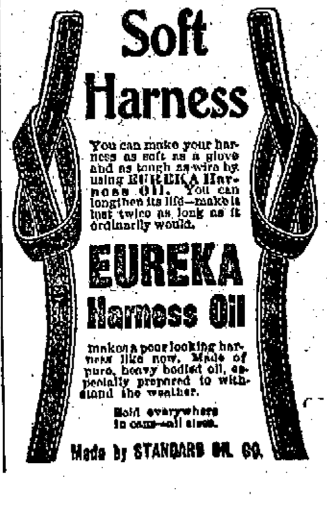
which will go at

$7.50.

'Tis your last chance to secure a genuine bargain.

Wm. Monheimer.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.



Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right
We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Make Your Selection From These Brands:

WHISKIES	WINES
Hunter Wilson Guckenheimer	White Seal White Top
Tom Moore Seymour Club	Great Western
Meadville Rye	Imported Sherry Imported Port
Rose Club Private Stock	Tokay Catawba Rhine
Gibson and 15 others.	St. Julian and many others.

Cognac Brandies, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Jamaica Rum and nearly every popular brand of wine or liquor to be found in the country at very reasonable prices. Call and look over my stock.

A. J. Warshofsky,

Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

New Store, New Goods, New Prices, New Proprietors.

We are now prepared to do business in an up-to-date way.

Goods promptly delivered in any part of the borough, or at any reasonable distance in the country. Farm produce taken in exchange for groceries at market price.

All goods and prices guaranteed. We do not propose to be undersold. Yours to please.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Valentines

Valentines.

Valentines.

A very large assortment of beautiful ones to select from. Have also put in a fine line of the latest styles in tally cards, the correct thing for card parties.

New Goods

of all Kinds are coming in every day.

Come in and look the goods over.

MARY L. BISETT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL . . . $200,000.00
SURPLUS . . $30 000,00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

F. R. Young, B. S., M. D.

Office over D. C. Young's store.
Bell 'phone at house and store.
Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-8 p. m

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS.—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 12, 1903

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN has refused to attend any banquet to which Grover Cleveland is invited. This is a fair sample of Democratic harmony.

THE Legislature of Pennsylvania will soon act on a bill to repeal what are known as the "old blue laws." It is to be hoped that these laws will be repealed for in these days they are never enforced except for revenge.

VERMONT has voted itself out of the prohibition ranks, leaving Maine, New Hampshire, Kansas and North Dakota as the only prohibition states. This change was brought about through the fact that prohibition does not prohibit.

A BILL has been introduced in the legislature of New Jersey providing that three men shall be put on every locomotive of the mogul type as a means of promoting the safety of the traveling public. Such a law should be passed in every State of the Union.

A BILL has been introduced in the legislature to prohibit the use of trading stamps by merchants. Much has been said against trading stamps and such schemes, but as the trading stamp induces many people to pay cash it has its merit, which should not be despised.

AN amendment has been placed on the bankruptcy law which makes the law much more equitable. Among the changes is one which gives a creditor, who has received partial payment, a chance in sharing in the distribution without returning the payments he has previously received.

THE withdrawal of J. Edward Addicks from the race for a Senatorship in Delaware closes a political contest which has been [illegible] for nearly eight years and opens the way for the election of two Republican Senators from that old time Democratic State. It was about ten years ago that the Republicans of Delaware first began to win victories, but dissensions within the party have [illegible] of the Senate. With Mr. Addicks out of the way there is [illegible] why Delaware should not [illegible]

GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER [illegible] charters for special [illegible] to grant charters to corporations with a capital much below the required amount to carry on the proposed business. The law requires that 10 per cent. of the capital stock must be paid in before a charter is granted and heretofore small companies have secured charters for railroads, street car lines, etc., at little cost, with the intention of selling these franchises at a large profit to legitimate corporations. In many cases these [illegible] corporations have restricted legitimate [illegible] and our Governor has taken a very commendable stand in the matter.

HENRY L. DAWES, ex-United States Senator, died at his home in Pittsfield, Mass., last Thursday, aged 86 years. It is nearly ten years now since he retired from public life after having served his State in Congress for thirty-six years, eighteen of which were passed in the House of Representatives and eighteen in the Senate. Mr. Dawes was in Congress all through the stirring period which included the war for the Union and the reconstruction era and bore a conspicuous part in the debates and in shaping legislation in those times. His services during these trying periods were great and were always exerted for the good of the nation. Since his retirement to private life about ten years ago he was less conspicuously before the public, but he kept up his interest in national questions and from time to time contributed to the discussion of topics in the magazines and newspapers. His death now will recall vividly his useful and honorable career and renew memories of the days when he was a prominent public figure.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9, 1903.

A thorough and adequate program has been practically completed by the Senate and is certain to be adopted by the House, so that this session of Congress, notwithstanding the brief time at its disposal, and the statehood blockade in the Senate, will be able to adjourn with the knowledge that it has done all that is possible or judicious to uphold and strengthen the hands of the Attorney General in his efforts to correct the trust evils. The only important feature of this program not yet accomplished is the passage of the Elkins bill by the House and your correspondent has received assurances from Speaker Henderson and the other leaders of the lower chamber that it will be enacted at an early date.

The anti-trust program when enacted will provide an appropriation of $500,000 for the employment of expert assistance in the prosecution of anti-trust suits; the enactment of a measure expediting the trial of anti-trust suits in the courts; the prohibition of rebates with equal penalties on receivers and grantors, provided by the Elkins bill; a publicity feature for industrial corporations included in the bill establishing a Department of Commerce and Labor. The publicity feature is provided for in what is known as the Nelson amendment. The proposed Bureau of Corporations has been replaced with a Commissioner of Corporations who is empowered to collect and compile for the use of the President the necessary statistics.

The inter-state commerce commission will remain intact instead of being included in the new department as was intended and as was provided in the House bill. Strengthened by the provisions of the Elkins bill the commission will become far more effective in its supervision of transportation companies. The assurance of the new Department of Commerce and Labor is accompanied by an authoritative statement to the effect that Mr. George B. Cortelyou, now secretary to the President, will become its secretary and, as such, a member of the cabinet. Mr. Cortelyou has long been a valued advisor of the President and has earned by most exceptional merit the position for which he has been selected.

The Statehood situation in the Senate is still in "status Quay," to use the witticism of Senator Platt, but there are indications of a compromise which will be reached in the near future. The present plan is to admit Oklahoma as one state and Arizona and New Mexico as another. This does not meet with the approval of the Democrats and for that reason Senator Quay has not yet given it his approval, but as it becomes evident that no more favorable arrangement can be made it becomes more likely that he will do so.

The House of Representatives passed the Littlefield anti-trust bill on Saturday and it will now go to the Senate but will not be taken under consideration there, both time and inclination preventing its being taken up. It will, of course, be referred to the judiciary committee, of which Senator Hoar is chairman, and he assures your correspondent that he is very doubtful if it will be even reported to the Senate.

The Venezuelan controversy has not yet been settled, although those persons in a position to know feel confident that it will be at an early date. The so-called "shirt-sleeve diplomacy" of Minister Bowen came very near precipitating a misunderstanding this week and an attempt was made by the representatives of the allies to go over Mr. Bowen's head and secure the intervention and arbitration of the President. This proposition Mr. Roosevelt promptly declined and conferences with Mr. Bowen are again in progress. He has offered to each of the allies a payment of $27,[illegible] as an evidence of good faith. His offer has not yet been accepted as it is conditional on the immediate raising of the Venezuelan blockade.

Practically no time has been given by the Senate to the consideration of any of the treaties now before it and the necessity of an extra session of the upper chamber for their consideration is freely predicted. Senator Lodge told your correspondent to-day that he believed such a session would be necessary and that the President would not hesitate to call it. A report sent out by the Associated Press to the effect that there was no hope for the ratification of the Alaskan treaty proves to be wholly without foundation. Seven of the most prominent members of the Senate have assured your correspondent that if a sufficient time for the consideration of this treaty can be assured there will be no trouble in effecting its ratification. Senators Foster and Turner of Washington say that their constituents are opposed to the convention, but they will not filibuster on it and they are open to conviction and will be pleased to have the advocates of the arrangement prove to them that it is in the best interests of the United States and will not in any way injure the existing status of the Alaskan boundary dispute. If this can be done they will withdraw their opposition.

Information has reached Washington to the effect that a congressional election will take place in Colombia on the first of March and that the new Congress will meet not later than the first week in April. It is expected that the United States Senate will ratify the Colombian treaty, providing for the construction of the Panama canal, at this or at an extra session and it will then remain for the newly elected Colombian Congress to ratify the agreement. Reports from Bogota indicate that the treaty is generally well received and those from Panama state that the people are overjoyed at the prospect of the completion of the canal which will make two of their cities most important seaport towns. Senator Morgan still continues to oppose the treaty but as he has no supporters he cannot prevent its ratification.

Development of the Pacific Coast.

The wonderful development of the Pacific coast is the marvel of all; the many business opportunities combined with the salubrious climate is drawing thousands. The Nickel Plate road will place on sale daily Feb. 15th to Apr. 30th special one-way tickets Buffalo, N. Y., to common Pacific coast points at $42. Through service from New York City and intermediate points via D. L. & W. and W. S. roads. Tickets can also be used, with berth tickets, in the famous trans-continental tourist sleepers which leave Boston every Monday and Wednesday noon, and can be joined at Rotterdam Junction, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo enroute. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y. A postal card will do, write now.

DISCOURAGED

The expression occurs so many times in letters from sick women to Dr. Pierce; "I was completely discouraged." And there is always good reason for the discouragement. Years of suffering. Doctor after doctor tried in vain. Medicines doing no lasting good. It is no wonder that the woman feels discouraged. Thousands of these weak and sick women have found health and courage regained as the result of the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"In the year 1899 I was taken sick," writes Mrs. Edna Crowder, of Ripley, Lauderdale Co., Tenn. "My limbs ached, had severe pains in back and lower part of bowels, with difficulty in urination, and smarting and burning pain after. I tried many kinds of medicine and four of the best doctors in the country, until I gave up all hope of recovery. In January, 1901, I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and received from him a letter, telling me to try his medicines. I took eleven bottles, six of 'Favorite Prescription,' five of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' one vial of 'Pellets,' and used one box of 'Lotion Tablets' and one of 'Healing Suppositories,' and am now able to work at anything I want to. Thanks to you for your valuable medicine and kind advice."

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

We Have
But One Kind

of Flour, that is the satisfactory kind, called F. S. You all know how good it is. Only

$1.25

per sack. Your money back if not as good or better than you are using.

Nice sweet oranges and nice sour lemons.

Chase & Sanborn's

celebrated Mocha and Java coffee can only be purchased here. Don't take any substitute.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Gaskin & Grant.
NEWS STAND.

Cigars, Tobacco, Nuts & Candies
Fruits and Vegetables in season.

We have in stock an elegant line of Stationery. Call and see it.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL

is an occasion of congratulation, but such a call at our store is doubly so, because every caller becomes a lucky purchaser and we exchange congratulations over the fact.

Profitable purchases are especially pleasant now when pleasant experiences are in order. Now that calls are the proper thing, permit us to call your attention to use

Thornton & Chester's "Best"
and
Pure Gold Flour.

"The Breadmakers."

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

Inventory Sale.

Commencing on

MONDAY, Feb. 9,

we will hold a special inventory reduction sale on all our Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. This sale is made to reduce our large stock and all can find rare bargains in footwear.

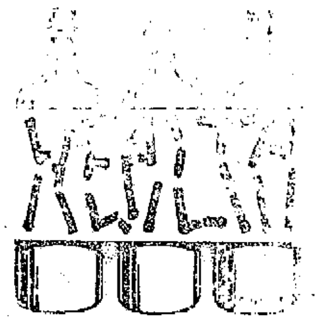
All goods will be marked down at least

20 per cent

from our former low prices. Call and get a bargain before it is too late.

Saturday, Feb. 14, is the last day of this sale.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.



Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

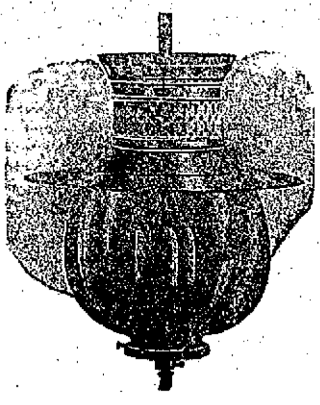
is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Great Reductions.

GOOD-BYE OVERCOATS.

While there's lot's of winter ahead selling time on Winter Overcoats is growing short, and we have made GREAT REDUCTIONS on our Overcoats that will move them out of our store in a jiffy.

Men's, Boy' and Children's Overcoats

all are in for a move.

You can't make a better investment than to buy a Coat for next winter. All our overcoats are new, right cut and tailored elegantly. We simply want their room and the money invested in them. Now is the time to root out the old pocketbook, when it can do so much for so little. Call and examine them.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,
THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

PRICES OF WOOLEN GOODS
REDUCED

Spring will soon be here and in order to make room for new goods now being received, have decided to reduce prices on all my woolen goods.

All odd pieces of men's, women's and children's underwear will be sold at cost, and many pairs of woolen hose have been placed on the bargain counter, where if you can find anything that will fit or suit you, you can get a bargain.

Will also sell felt slippers and shoes at cost while they last. Have only a few pair left.

Call and look over bargains before it is too late for they will go radidly at prices I have put upon them

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 29, 1902.

New Patterns
FOR
Early Spring.

We have received an elegant assortment of the most stylish patterns for Spring suits. You will have to call in and see them to appreciate them.

And as for fit and style in making we guarantee each garment to be equal to anything made in the largest cities.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Place Your Confidence in Us.

When there is illness in your home and the critical period approaches, you find your self wondering if the medicine is really the best that can be obtnined. So much depends upon the medicine! Bring your prescriptions to us, and you can be sure that none but the highest standard drugs and chemicals will be used and that every prescription will be filled with as much carefulness and accuracy as if they were for one in our own family. We would like an opportunity to demonstrate these facts to you.

Wells Pharmacy.

January Reduction Sale

is now on and we are offering some fine bargains Notwithstanding the immense trade we enjoyed, we have on hand a choice lot of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats which we are selling at a very liberal reduction. We advise an early inspection of these goods before the sizes are all broken.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store
Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

Queen Quality Shoes. **F. G. Lindholm & Co** Standard Patterns

ANNUAL SALE OF MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Friday morning, February 13th, we will put on exhibition the largest line of Muslin Underwear ever shown in Smethport. Every garment specially low priced, the direct result of our big spot cash purchasing.

Nainsook, Cambric and Muslin night gowns—Embroidery, Lace hemstitched and ribbon trimmed, 13 to 18 inch sizes, worth $1.50.
Sale price - - - 98c.

Cambric and Muslin Drawers, Umbrella ruffles, Lace and Embroidery trimmed Regular 85c quality.
Sale price - - - 50c.

Women's long cambric skirts, Deep umbrella ruffle, two and three rows of lace insertion finished with small ruffle edged with lace, worth $1.50.
Sale price - - - 98c.

Corset Covers ranging in price from 25c to $1.50.

A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the February Patterns just received, we have Bayadare Jackets and Skirts, Monte Carlo shirt waists, Tea gowns and Box plaited skirts, Simple and Complex.

Newest Dress Goods in White Mercerized Oxford, 27 inch, 25c to 50c a yard.

Mercerized Madras, 27 inch, 25c to 50c a yard.

Mercerized Vesting, 27 inch, 25c to 50c a yard.

Fancy Piques, 27 inch, from 15c to 50c a yard.

First Showing of Spring Styles in Women's Tailored Suits.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortably with a Jewett Reflex Heater.

Even if gas costs 20c per thousand, it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX than 15c gas in order makes. This is a positive fact, and REDFIELD, the HARDWARE DEALER, will prove it to you or refund your money. It beats using coal at any price.

All people have been more or less worried on the fuel subject. The JEWETT REFLEX will positively settle you worry in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a REFLEX because of its economy and HEATING POWER. Remember, your money back if you are not convinced.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 12, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Lincoln's birthday.

—Fry & Herzog have a new ad in this issue.

—William Digel is laid up with an abscess on his right arm.

—Bradford doctors complain that they need a larger hospital.

—Mrs. Charles Bullock is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

—If you owe us anything on subscription please pay it at once.

—Mrs. Wm. Monheimer is seriously ill at her home on King street.

—High School orchestra dance at hose house to-night. Be sure to attend.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup entertained twenty-four ladies last Saturday afternoon.

—Saturday, Feb. 11, is the last day of Anderson & Carlson's inventory sale. See ad.

—It looks as though the ground-hog prognostication would turn out about correct.

—Miss Rena Gallup gave a card party for a large number of her young friends Monday evening.

—Mrs. Geo Shilleen gave a card party Wednesday evening. The ladies report a very pleasant time.

—Capt. A. J. Bond's team won the bowling tournament of the Bradford Country Club last week.

—The last meeting of the Smethport whist club will be at the residence of H. C. Wells Thursday, Feb 17.

—Mrs. Robert Hamilton will entertain the amateur whist club at the residence of H. C. Wells Saturday evening.

—Mrs. D. M. Brasted and Miss Wright entertained a large party of ladies on Thursday afternoon at the Wright House.

—Montreal, Canada, is struggling with a big street car strike. About 1500 men are out. One man was killed in a riot last week.

—Dr. Herman Mynter, who was one of President McKinley's surgeons, died at his home in Buffalo Monday evening, aged 58 years.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. have a new ad this week calling attention to their annual sale of muslin underwear. Be sure to read it.

—The supreme president of the P. H. C., H. C. Hall, D. D., and Supreme Sentinel A. J. Martin will be present at the Circle meeting Feb. 17.

—Don't forget to come out and vote on Tuesday next. The Republican borough and township tickets are good ones and deserve your hearty support.

—A Chicago man has been fined $5 for slapping a girl's face when she tried to kiss him. Served him right, unless his wife was looking.

—The operetta "Mother Goose," which was to have been given at the parish house next week, has been postponed until after Lent.

—The Odd Fellows have purchased an elegant Packard piano of C. A. Burdick. The committee is to be congratulated on selecting so fine an instrument.

—Postmaster King of East Smethport informs us that he has been dispensing the new Washington postage stamp since Jan. 23. He is certainly up-to-date.

—Not to be outdone by the boys a number of Coudersport girls have also formed a "Must Marry Club." However the girls have ten years instead of one and in case of failure it only costs one dollar per.

—Simon Burns, president of L. A. 300, is authority for the statement that the glassblowing machine will never be a success, as it will only make small sizes of glass.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup entertained about one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen at their elegant new home Tuesday and Thursday evenings of this week.

—An epidemic of typhoid fever among the students of Cornell college is raging with such virulence that it may become necessary to close that institution until the disease is abated.

—The amateur whist club have changed their regular night of meeting to Saturday of each week. Last week they met with Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and next Saturday evening Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton will entertain them.

—Rev. P. S. Calvin's subject next Sunday morning at 10:30 will be "Irrepressible Witnesses." His evening subject will be, "How to Keep Saved." All the converts of the recent meetings are cordially invited to hear this sermon.

—Mrs. Nestor died at Mt. Alton on Sunday last, aged 88 years. The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church Tuesday morning, Rev. Father Cosgrove officiating. The remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

—The lecture given by A. W. Hawkes under the auspices of the High School lecture course at the court house last Saturday evening gave excellent satisfaction. Other attractions were responsible for a comparatively small audience but those in attendance were highly pleased with his lecture.

—We have received complaints from a number of residents of West Main street regarding the shooting of revolvers in that vicinity late at night. It seems that a number of hoodlums make a practice of discharging their revolvers to frighten the citizens of that locality and unless they heed this warning they will be dealt with according to law.

—The Rose Hill Cemetry Association should build some sort of a shelter for their sexton. There are times in winter when they have to wait hours for the arrival of a funeral party and in these cases they suffer terribly from the cold.

—An eighteen-months-old child who had swallowed a tin whistle was successfully operated on at the Olean Hospital last week. The X-ray machine was used to locate the whistle, which was found in the child's swallowing tube.

—Moral men and their friends are invited to the Methodist church next Sunday evening to hear a sermon on "Spirituality and Morality," by a friend of the moral man. The subject for Sunday morning is, "A Revival of Reverence Needed."

—A Kentucky woman after going to the trouble of burning up the body of the husband she had murdered and feeding his pulverized bones to the chickens, then told the village constable about it. Her secret was too interesting for a woman to keep.

—To-morrow, Friday, evening is the date of the M. E. S. S. girls' "Valentine Party," instead of this evening, as advertised last week. Admission and refreshments 10 cents, extra attractions 5c. The High School orchestra will assist in the program.

—We have received a copy of The People's Paper, edited and published by Clark Wilson at Parkers Landing, Pa. Mr. Wilson was for many years the editor of the McKean Democrat of this place and was postmaster of Smethport under Cleveland's first term.

—That the United States is singular was again confirmed by the report of the Committee on Revision of the Laws in the bill revising the Penal Code. Section 9 of chapter 2 says the "United States are," and the bill changes the law to read the "United States is."

—Ed Scott of Warren committed suicide in the dining room of the Exchange hotel in that city Saturday afternoon by shooting himself through the heart with a revolver. He had called at the hotel to see his wife, who was employed and the supposition is that after a quarrel with her he committed the deed.—Kane Republican.

—We would warn the people against a number of peddlers who are just at present working the town selling rugs and other articles on the installment plan. You had better patronize home merchants who are responsible and who help keep up the town rather than patronize strangers, whose guarantee amounts to nothing. Who are here to-day and gone to-morrow.—Kane Republican.

—Mrs. Leon Hogarth has charge of the sealed program to be given at the Baptist church Saturday evening. It is a [illegible] Travelers' Club to Women everywhere [illegible]. A literary and musical program has been arranged [illegible] Valentines. [illegible] You can buy tickets at any of the drug stores.

—Martin Hafner, whose home is in Clermont, lies at the point of death from pneumonia at the residence of Simon Martin in Farmers Valley. The young man is well known in Smethport, where he has until very recently been attending school. Last fall he was a member of the high school football squad and played on the eleven in several matches. As we go to press we learn that Mr. Hafner died this morning.

It is said that at a meeting over the river a fellow announced that he is a second Jesus Christ. If it is a fact that such a fellow has appeared over there it might not be out of place to suggest to him that the senior gentleman who bore that name was crucified many years ago and we've reason to believe that the desire to keep up the practice concerning the family still lingers in the human race.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Bradford narrowly escaped having two murders Saturday night. Dominick Vigiliti seriously assaulted a glassworker from Kane, named Spreckles, who sought admittance into his house at midnight. Spreckles' head was badly damaged with a revolver in Vigiliti's hands, who is now in jail. William Peasley cut David Wood's hand with a hatchet while attempting to split open his head. Mrs. Peasley's love for Wood is said to have caused the trouble. The case was settled.

—There will be a second book club organized by the literary department of the Epworth League upon the same plan as the first. Anyone wishing to become a member should hand his name and a list of twelve books that he wishes included in the list to Mrs. Brownell or Miss Day on or before Wednesday, Feb. 18. The only qualifications necessary to become a member are to purchase one of the list of required books and to agree to the plan of circulation arranged by the literary department.

—The Smethport Athletic Club Bowling team and the Commercial Travelers' team of Bradford will roll the third match of a series on the athletic club alleys, Smethport, next Saturday night, Feb. 14. Each of these teams has won a contest and both have a determination to make it two out of three Saturday night. All are invited. Following are the names of the bowlers: Smethport, T. H. Purtle (captain), Johnson, Bell, Keefer, F. Purtle, Knapp. Bradford, Singleton (captain), Mundy, Pearson, Rickenbrode, Wick, Tanner.

$6,000,000 Security

Capital, surplus and profits of this amount secure the depositors of the Pittsburg Trust company, 323 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. 4 per cent interest on savings and 2 per cent on checking accounts. Bank by mail.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. May Kerns is visiting friends in Buffalo.

Art. Wright was an Olean visitor on Tuesday.

F. D. Gallup had business in Bradford Tuesday.

John Larkin of Olean had business in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver visited Bradford over Sunday.

Orlo J. Hamlin returned from a business trip to Buffalo Tuesday evening.

C. L. Palmer of Gifford, Pa., was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Guy B. Mayo attended the Superior Court sitting at Williamsport this week.

Hon. T. A. Morrison is in Williamsport this week attending to his official duties.

Harry Rubin came home from Olean Saturday and spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman and daughter visited Bradford the forepart of the week.

F. H. Reed of Clermont had business in town yesterday and made this office a pleasant call.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Barden of Ithaca, N. Y., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. J. C. Gallup of King street.

J. D. Snyder of Foster township was a business visitor in town and a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

A Sensation Spoiled.

The Bradford Era of yesterday says: A sensation was spoiled in Bradford yesterday owing to the refusal of Deputy Sheriff Clarke to permit Constable Spreter to bring J. M. White to this city from the county jail to answer to a second charge of a serious nature, preferred by the parents of two girls under the age of 16 years. White is at present confined in Smethport awaiting trial on a similar count, under which he was held to court in the sum of $700 bail. It was expected that the defendant who is aged about 40 years, would be brought to Bradford on the noon B., B. & K. train, in charge of Mr. Spreter, and as a result a number of indignant men and women assembled at the depot to give him a most enthusiastic reception. Included in the list of ceremonies to be featured were divers coats of tar and feathers to have been administered by several women who were amply armed with those commodities and fully determined to deliver the goods in a most approved manner. Fortunately for the prisoner, the deputy sheriff refused to release him into the custody of Constable Spreter and the latter arrived in Bradford unaccompanied. The second warrant was served on White in the county jail and the aged prisoner immediately waived a hearing for trial in criminal court.

Low Rates to Pacific Coast.

Climate unsurpassed, business opportunities never better. The Nickel Plate road will sell daily Feb. 15th to April 30th second class one way tickets Buffalo, N. Y. to Pacific coast points at $42. Good connections at Chicago with all lines to the far west. Splendid [illegible] tourist cars [illegible] every Tuesday and Wednesday. Exceedingly low rates to other points in far west. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

The Nickel Plate road will sell special round-trip homeseekers' excursion tickets first and third Tuesdays each month until April, 1903, at exceedingly low rates. Through service from New York City and intermediate points via D. L. & W. and W. S. routes. Three fast through trains each way daily. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Carriages for Sale.

One nice spindle seat, rubber tire runabout. One spindle body Mulholland spring top buggy. One Corning body road wagon. Three piano body, end spring top buggies.

PALMER & DODGE,
201 Water St.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 5, 1903.

SEALED BIDS will be entertained for the constructing and casing of five wells, twelve inches in diameter, of a depth of seven hundred seventy-five feet, at Sunset Station, Kern County, California. Apply to A. D. WARNER, Pres., St. Paul, Minn.

Wiss shears have been made by one family for four generations. You make no mistake in buying them of Holmes & Gilfillan.

Don't neglect that Sore Throat

Go to the nearest drug store and get a bottle of

OZOLINE

The best family remedy in the world for *Sore Throat, Sore Mouth, Hoarseness* and all diseases of the throat. A sure preventative of *Diphtheria* — a certain remedy for *Quinsy*—Cure guaranteed or money refunded. *A all druggists, 25 & 50 cents*

OZO REMEDY CO.
New Brighton, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Two Lace Bargains.

2,000 yards Oriental Laces, per yard, 10c
Widths ½ inch to 6 inches.
Values up to 20c yard regularly.

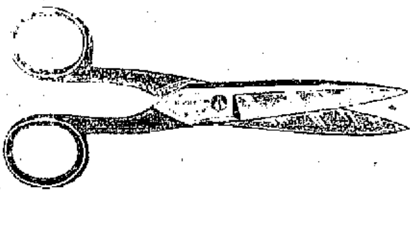
2,000 yards Torchon Laces, per yard, 5c
Widths ½ inch to 5 inches.
Values up to 12c regularly.

This is a rare chance to supply your lace needs for spring sewing.

A fortunate purchase in large quantity, coupled with our determination to let them go on a very narrow margin as a special bargain makes this saving possible for you.

FRY & HERZOG.

WISS SHEARS.



They make a clean cut clear to the point. The quality of steel used in their construction is of the finest.

Their beauty, pattern and finish excells all others.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED.

We keep all Wiss Shears purchased of us sharpened, free of charge. We have a full line. All sizes and styles. If you once use them, you will buy no others.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

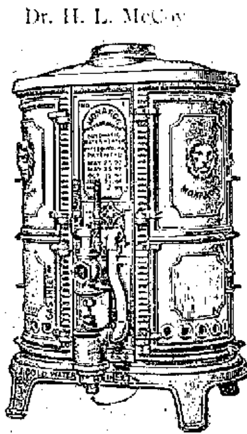
Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Parties Using The Monarch Water Heater



In Bradford	In Smethport	In Bradford
L. E. Mallory	County Home	W. R. Weaver
L. Emery, Jr.	F. D. Gallup	C. V. Merrick
L. E. Hamsher	J. W. Bouton	Dore C. Greenewald
B. M. Bailey	Dr. H. L. McCoy	Miss Zella Haffey
C. P. Collins		A. E. Harper
D. H. Jack		Wm. Hadley
Charles Lavens		James George
David Phillips		E. W. Bissett
R. J. Gaffney		Mrs. T. E. McCray
W. J. Bovaird		John Haggerty
John Eckhart		D. W. Robertson
Philip Nusbaum		Milt Melvin
John Wiess		Frank Hamilton
John Bird		Joseph Kilgore
T. J. Melvin		Claude Mitchell
E. N. Unruh		Harvey Rose
O. F. Schonblom		F. C. French
O. F. Spencer		St. James Hotel
S. A. Mundy		Hotel Holley
Charles Brown		Bay State Hotel
George Mills	Dr. E. R. Baker	Option House
Ike Ralph	Robert King	Central Restaurant
George Fagnan	George W. Mitchell	Geo. Moore "
D. McLaughlin	Orlo J. Hamlin	Y. M. C. A.

Smethport Plumbing Co.

W. S. Palmer, Manager. SMETHPORT, PA.

THE PRICE IS NEXT TO NOTHING.

Our Regular Annual Clean-up Sale Has Commenced.

CARPET REMNANTS
ODD PIECES OF FURNITURE.

In fact, everything goes. It means a saving to you to

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Brasted's Home Made BREAD.

Patronize Home Trade.

IRON HAIL at STONE RIVER

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

January 2, 1863

(Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.)

GENERAL BRAGG thought he had won a decisive victory by smashing Rosecrans' right wing at Stone River, Tennessee, Dec. 31, 1862. Both armies passed New Year's day in reforming lines and concentrating strength. On Jan. 2 Bragg expected to find the enemy in full retreat, but his staff brought startling news to headquarters after their morning tour of the lines. They had discovered a whole division of Federals, with batteries in position on the heights east of the river, where they could rake lengthwise the Confederate right wing on the west bank. Either that menacing force must be destroyed at once or Bragg must retreat from the ground he had captured by desperate fighting two days before. Bragg chose to fight at once and sent General Breckinridge with [illegible] Kentucky brigades which he held on the west bank to dash across and assail the Federals. On the way he [illegible] Hanson's Kentucky brigade, which had not fought on the 31st and was therefore the freshest force in the column. Hanson's brigade took the post of honor in the charge, being on the left of the line nearest the river and in danger if the attack should succeed of coming under the fire of the Federal guns on the west side of the stream.

The site of the new battleground was an elevated plateau lying between Stone River and a small contributary on the east and was about a mile in extent each way. The crown of the hill was cleared ground, but a fringe of timber enclosed it on all sides. At the [illegible] assailants were [illegible] Price's [illegible] Breckinridge's [illegible] Kentucky [illegible] of the [illegible].

Price's [illegible] was [illegible] upon the [illegible] brigade of Colonel Grider. He says the [illegible] marched with its flank close to the river and passed along the right of Grider, which caused him to retreat, thus destroying the entire division [illegible] Bragg's [illegible].

[illegible] at this stage of the assault everything went down before Hanson's Kentuckians. Having the lead at the river, they seemed about to reap the glory of an inaugural victory, for the entire Federal division hastily retreated across the river, followed to the bank by Hanson's men. Suddenly in the midst of triumph the tide turned. On the way out in the charge the Kentuckians had been exposed to scattering fire from Federal guns and infantry on the west bank of the stream, but in the excitement of their successful dash had ignored it.

The Federal regiments and batteries on the plateau when the Confederates sprang the attack and also a heavy artillery reserve, with supporting regiments on the west bank, having range across the stream, were under command of General Thomas L. Crittenden, a noted Kentucky fighter, whom Breckinridge's troops had often met in battle. When Crittenden saw the lines on the east bank giving way before Hanson's onslaught and the enemy's eager soldiers rushing pellmell in pursuit down the sloping bluff, he pointed out the thrilling scene to his chief of artillery and exclaimed, "Major, you must cover my men with your guns!" Instantly fifty-eight cannon, six of which had already been across the river and driven back, wheeled into position and opened fire. The guns were about 100 yards from the river, and, after carefully testing the range which would clear the retreating Federals, poured 100 shots a minute into the swarming mass of pursuers on the opposite slope. Huge branches of trees which stood in the pathway of the shells were cut off and, dropping down, pinioned many a brave Kentuckian to the earth. The effect of the cannonading on the forest was like that of a tornado.

Twenty minutes of the terrible work decided the fight. Hanson was killed at the head of his line in the second stage of the charge—the march down the slope under the fire of Crittenden's guns. General Breckinridge, on welcoming the shattered ranks back to the bivouac, learning of the death of the leader, called the Kentuckians the "Orphan brigade." The men were doubly orphaned by the loss of Hanson, who was the father of the command, and by having been expatriated from the mother state when they took up arms in the southern cause. The name was a happy one, too good to die, and clung to the Kentuckians until the close of the war.

Only one Federal brigade had remained east of the river after the Confederates broke the line. This the assailants did not attack before Crittenden's awful fire struck them. After that they had but one impulse, and that was to get out of the iron storm sweeping the slopes and the crown of the plateau.

Promptly the Federal infantry, which had retreated to the west bank, reformed and, with fresh regiments in the lead, charged across after the fleeing foe. With wild cheers they dashed upon the fugitives, who safely reached the shelter of their own batteries on the hills back of the forest screen lining the south edge of the plateau. In range of the fire of these guns the Federals did not venture, although the actual military key to the position, Wayne's hill, was still held by Breckinridge's men. Having retaken the ground lost in the beginning, the Federals rested, and both armies bivouacked on the field.

During this fight between Breckinridge and Crittenden a fresh Federal brigade reached the camp of Rosecrans bringing up a wagon train with rations to the hungry troops, who had fasted since the battle of Dec. 31. The train had slipped past the Confederate cavalry of General Joe Wheeler, which Bragg had sent on a ride in rear of Rosecrans. When word of this timely succor of the hard stricken foe reached Bragg, he saw that Rosecrans was not in retreat nor likely to abandon his ground and himself ordered a withdrawal from the contest.

Before the arrival of the supply train on Jan. 2 the Federal soldiers were reduced to eating horse meat or going hungry. The night after the battle a steak from a freshly killed battle horse was served to General Crittenden, and he ate it with a relish, not knowing the nature of it until the day after.

Some of Rosecrans' officers had seriously thought of retreating from the field of Stone River. The weather was very cold, and the Federal troops were told to go without fires in their bivouacs. The order was sent out, but Crittenden's men had already lit theirs, and [illegible] Rosecrans [illegible] last night [illegible] Dec. 31. He sent word [illegible] the first night [illegible] was badly defeated. [illegible] Taylor when urged to retreat: "My wounded are behind me. I will never pass them."

Crittenden had fought with Taylor at Buena Vista, as had Hanson, the brave leader of the "Orphans," who fell with his [illegible] of the Blue Grass country. The fight of Jan. 2 on the east bank of Stone River may be called a battle of Kentuckians. The Confederate leader, Breckinridge, was the most prominent Kentucky soldier following the southern flag, as Crittenden was most distinguished among Kentucky's Federal sons.

"MAJOR, YOU MUST COVER MY MEN WITH YOUR GUNS!"

Breckinridge's column was headed by a Kentucky brigade, and Crittenden had eight Kentucky regiments in his column.

Stone River was, in fact, a sequel to the Battle of Perryville, Ky., fought a few weeks before. But for Bragg's reverse at Perryville, Stone River would probably never have been fought, and possibly the Confederates would have had the upper hand in Kentucky.

The death of Hanson led to the promotion of a colonel to the command of the "Orphans." This was Ben Hardin Helm, the man whom Lincoln once declared was worth more to the northern cause than the whole state of Kentucky.

The brigade fought heroically to the end of the war. In the Atlanta campaign, during 100 days' fighting, 1,000 "Orphans" out of 1,140 mustered for battle at the outset were killed or wounded. GEORGE L. KILMER.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

All Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Don't Accept a Substitute!

When you ask for Cascarets be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits! Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

HAD TO WAIT A LITTLE.

The Reason Lizzie Could Not Marry Ted on the Instant.

Late in the sixties actors still had their costumes carried to and from the theater in champagne baskets by the "basket boy," and the very first and most important duty of the actor or actress after rehearsal was to get the basket ready and place it outside the door; then only one might feel free.

Well, Cupid had been taking a little flier behind the scenes, and a young comedian had been stricken with love for a bit of a girl who danced between the first play and the farce. One day he saw the old leader of the orchestra tap her cheek with his bow, and the awful familiarity was too much to be endured silently. He walked home with her, and in the boarding house hall he spoke. A minister's name was mentioned, a number, a street, something about a license. Nothing seemed very clear except his love and his desire to get married at once, at once!

"Oh, Lizzie, will you marry me? Dear little Lizzie, will you?" he implored.

And Lizzie, who was about the height of a nine year old child, but was full sixteen, very pink and very pleased, looked coyly up, then modestly down and answered, "I'm awfully glad you love me, Ted, but—but, really you know, you'll have to wait a little." Down went Ted's face. "Wait!" he cried in a tragic voice. "Wait! Good kingdom! Why? What for? How long?" And Lizzie, with wide, reproachful blue eyes, said, "Why, Ted, you know well enough you'll have to wait till I get my basket ready."—Clara Morris in McClure's Magazine.

Some Smart Answers.

Here are some samples of what the British schoolboy can do when he tries hard:

"John Wesley was a great sea captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington. He was buried near Nelson in the Poets' corner at Westminster abbey."

"The sublime porte is a very fine old wine."

"The possessive case is the case when somebody has got yours and won't give it to you."

"The plural of penny is twopence."

"In the sentence, 'I saw the goat butt the man,' 'butt' is a conjunction, because it shows the connection between the goat and the man."

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas."

"The difference between water and air is that air can be made wetter, but water cannot."

When Women Carved.

In George I.'s [illegible] it was the bounden duty of the mistress of a country house to carve for her guests. [illegible] not even the master. To the latter was only assigned the easy labor of passing the bottle and looking on while each joint was placed in turn before his wife or daughter, as the case might be, and by her rapidly manipulated. Carving became one of the branches of a good feminine education, and there were professional carving masters who taught the young ladies.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu took lessons in the art three times a week and on her father's public days made a practice of having her own dinner an hour or two beforehand. A guest who did not receive his portion from his hostess' own fair hands would have considered himself much aggrieved.

A Chameleon's Tongue.

The tongue of the chameleon is wonderfully extensile and extensible, says a naturalist. By the former word I mean the distance it can be thrown out of the mouth. By the latter word its own elongation is inferred, for I am sure there is not space sufficient in the lower part of the mouth to accommodate the eight inch tongue which can be thrown out unless it is greatly contracted again. We know that it lies "folded" in the mouth, but it folds into a very small space, and when I have held a chameleon's mouth wide open to try to get a sight of this remarkable member it lies so compactly in the loose lower lip that to see it is next to impossible.

The Stingiest Man.

"I think the most penurious man I ever knew," remarked the man in the mackintosh, "was old Hewligus. He smoked his cigars to the last half inch, chewed the stumps and used the ashes for snuff, but he wasn't satisfied even then and gave up the habit."

"What for?" asked the man with the big Adam's apple.

"He couldn't think of any way to utilize the smoke."—Chicago Tribune.

No Sale Was Made.

A dealer in pet birds was visited by a customer who stuttered and wanted to buy a parrot which took his fancy. The salesman was an Irishman who had just been employed by the dealer. The customer said, "Do—do—does that parrot ta—ta—talk good?"

"Well," replied the Irish salesman, "if he did not talk better than you I would wring his neck off!"

As Some Others Do.

"They say," said Willie's mother as they were watching the "armless wonder" wind his watch, write his name and do other remarkable things with his toes, "that he can play the piano, but I don't see how."

"That's easy, mamma," replied Willie. "He can play by ear."

Cost of Construction.

"Do you know what this street railroad cost per mile?"

"No. But I know what it cost per alderman!"—Puck.

F. W. CROWLEY,

Fine Tailoring,

ELDRED, PA.

Our facilities are unexcelled,
Satisfaction guaranteed.

COVERED DISHES.

The Reason They Were Introduced During the Middle Ages.

From the days when our ancestors took their food in their hands and ate it with as little ceremony as a dog gnaws a bone to the present time of elaborate dinners is a long step, but a gradual one. It was a number of centuries before dishes of any kind were used, and knives and forks as adjuncts to eating are later still. The fear of poison which haunted the mind of every person of quality during the middle ages gave rise to certain curious customs and even to certain superstitions. When dishes are now served covered, it is understood that it is merely for the purpose of keeping them warm. This was not, however, the principal reason why they were not served covered during the dark ages. It was the fear that poison might be introduced into them surreptitiously between the kitchen and the table where they were to be served to the kings or the lords or even to persons of inferior rank.

The covers were not removed till the master of the house had taken his place. All dishes afterward served were brought on the table in the same manner. It was the custom originally when the dishes were uncovered for some of the servants to first partake of them, but this custom was afterward in part replaced by the servants touching the food with one of several objects which were regarded as infallible preservatives against poison.

Barry the Persuasive.

It was said of Barry, the player, that he had a voice which might lure a bird from a tree and at the same time an address and manner the most prepossessing and conciliating. The Dublin theater of which he was proprietor failed, and he was considerably indebted to his actors, musicians, etc. Among others, the master carpenter called at Barry's house and was clamorous in demanding his money. Barry, who was ill at the time, came to the head of the stairs and asked what was the matter.

"Matter enough!" repeated the carpenter. "I want my money and can't get it."

"Don't be in a passion," said Barry. "Do me the favor to walk upstairs, if you please, and we will speak upon the business."

"Not I, Mr. Barry," said the carpenter. "You owe me £100 already, and if I come up you will owe me £200 before I leave you."

Too Angelic.

There was a certain young minister in Maine who on his first charge was called upon to preach a funeral sermon over a woman. It was his first funeral sermon, and he laid himself out to make an impression, and succeeded. The woman had had her faults, but the minister forgot them. This was to be expected, but he extolled her so highly that the poor bereaved husband sitting there listening couldn't recognize her by the description. Finally, in a glowing peroration, he pictured God and the cherubim and the angels and all the hosts of the redeemed joyously forming a parade to welcome to heaven this "one of the very best of all women." The husband could stand it no longer, and, leaping up, interrupted him with beckoning hand, gasping out: "No, no, elder. Not quite that! She was only 'bout middling."

Not In Society.

Of a pretentious but not well read dame of the Victorian period Lady Bulwer used to relate this incident:

The conversation turned on literature one day, and this lady, who aimed at forming a salon, got rather out of her depth.

"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" she whispered at last to Lady Bulwer. "I should like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madam," answered Lady Bulwer, "the dean did something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me! What was that?"

"Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

The Meek and Lowly Editor.

When an editor makes a mistake in his paper, all the world sees it and calls him a liar. When a private citizen makes a mistake, nobody knows it except a few friends, and they come around and ask the editor to keep it out of the paper. When the private citizen dies, the editor is asked to write up all his good qualities and leave out the bad. When the editor dies, the private citizen will say, "Now that old liar will get his deserts."—Cleveland (Okla.) Triangle.

The Black Cap.

The black cap has no specific relation to the hanging of a criminal. Its sinister reputation, its color and the fact that a judge when pronouncing a capital sentence always wears it have combined to attach to it a meaning and symbolism which it does not possess. It is really nothing more than a part of the full dress of a judge.—Genealogical Magazine.

A Rich One.

The Visitor—And what are you going to make of him?

Mamma—I want him to be a philanthropist.

"Why, there's no money in that."

"But all the philanthropists have been very rich."

Forgetful.

"Is Bronson as forgetful as ever?"

"More so. Why, that fellow has to look himself up in the directory every night before he goes home from business—forgets his address."

Reputations which have been forced into an unnatural bloom fade almost as soon as they have expanded.—Macaulay.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W F SPECHT

SMETHPORT PA

In good reliable companies

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—[illegible] E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodner.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; R. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—H. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president, Mrs. [illegible] Colegrove, secretary; W. F. Walsh, [illegible] Charles McKean, C. Herzog, [illegible] Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Nelson.
Justices—R. L. Knapp, W. Stack.
Constables—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president, [illegible] N. Mayo, treasurer, [illegible] Gallup, [illegible] W. F. Specht, H. W. Rolan, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Helder.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

[illegible] E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets [illegible]

[illegible]

W. H. [illegible], Sec'y.

[illegible]

G. A. R.—McKean [illegible]

[illegible] R. MAYO, Com.

H. H. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—[illegible] at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. [illegible], Pres't.
MRS. ROSE [illegible], Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets [illegible] of each month in Kerrs Hall.

[illegible] GIFFORD, M. W.

J. C. GALLUP, Rec.

K. O. T. M.—[illegible] meets every [illegible] at I. O. O. F. Hall.

[illegible] WILLS, Com.

W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Pheon Hive, No. 48, meets [illegible] I. O. O. F. Hall, [illegible]

[illegible], Com.
Lizzie E. [illegible], R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets [illegible] Wednesday [illegible] in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. [illegible], Pres't.
Mrs. Mary E. [illegible], Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DUNN, [illegible]

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS GUIDE

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days........10:59 a. m.
Train 1-6, week days........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

10:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m. Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (11:33 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 45
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Wood-vale	11 05
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made [illegible]

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect Jan. 9, 1901.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

9:00 a. m., daily, except Sunday, for Crosby, Simpson, Davis, [illegible] Kinzua Jct. [illegible]

1:40 p. m. [illegible]

[illegible]

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. [illegible]

[illegible]

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

[illegible]

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down P.M.	A.M.		STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up P.M.	A.M.
7.40	11.30		Clermont	7.00	8.35
7.59	11.52		Wellendorf	6.25	8.17
8.12	12.06		Wildwood	6.40	8.04
8.22	12.15		North Fork	[illegible]	[illegible]
8.29	12.28		Bear Run	5.26	7.47
		AM			PM
8 47	12.50		St. Marys	4.50	7.25
9 07	2.50	7.38	St. Marys	4.02	6.47
	2.52	7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17	8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21	8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00	8.46	Elbon	9.50	5.44
	4.05	8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM			PM	AM
	6.03		St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30		Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00		Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05		Weedville	5.05	7.05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	STATIONS.	Dp	L'v Westward. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10		Ulysses		7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10		Crowell		7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57		Carpenter		0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53		Perkins		7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50		New'fld Junc		7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45		Newfield		7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41		Gold		7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35		Raymond		7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24		Seven Bdg's		8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20		Colesburg		8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12		Frinks		8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05		N. Couds'pt		0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.		Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		Coudersport.				P.M.
4.40	7.45	12.15	Ar.		Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13		Hammond		0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09		Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05		Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59		Knowlton		0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55		Roulette		8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47		Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41		Coleman		0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0		Chem. Wrks		0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36		Pt. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp		Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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FATE AND MRS. MAGUIRE

By M. LOUISE CUMMINS

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Mrs. Maguire looked up from her knitting a second time to meet the same pair of brown eyes. Again a sense of familiarity in their gaze went over her.

"And, sure, there'd be nothing strange in that," she soliloquized, "after me being attendant in this waiting room for the past fifteen years."

Nevertheless her mind went back gropingly trying to place the girl sitting opposite. She gave a quick glance and reached what she sought with such suddenness that she fairly started.

"'Tis the very wan—the very wan," she muttered. "But, Lord love us all, what has changed her so much?"

Presently she rose, holding her knitting in her left hand, and made a little tour of the room, picking up a paper here, straightening a chair there, apparently intent only upon her business. But she paused by the woman who had attracted her attention.

"'Tis tiresome work waiting for trains, ma'am," she hazarded.

"It is indeed!"

At sight of such woe in her eyes, which she had once seen filled with such blessedness of joy that, as she said, "they were like twin lights on an altar," Mrs. Maguire's heart ached.

"Though there's them that don't mind it," she went on. "Look there now," with a sidelong nod to where in the outer waiting room a young couple were seated oblivious of time and place.

"They makes me think of a pair that sat in that very spot—let me see, it must be all of four years ago," she continued reminiscently. "They had missed their train and had to wait six mortal hours for the western express. Well, if you'll believe me, I don't think they knew 'twas as many minutes."

Mrs. Maguire saw the hands of the woman come slowly together suddenly in her lap.

"Did you ever see them again?" she asked slowly.

"Not her."

The dark eyes came round in a flash.

"And him?"

"Well, as sure as you live"—Mrs. Maguire had seated herself and was knitting complacently—"'twas only last week. He came in and sat himself in that very spot. I took no notice to him at first, but he looked so broke up I had to. It seemed all wrong to see him sitting without her."

The woman at her side sprang up.

"It is suffocating in here!" she panted.

Then she sank back into the chair.

"You recognized me," she said wearily.

"And if I did, a-lanna"—Mrs. Maguire laid a soothing palm on her knee, the soft crooning of her mother tongue

"WAIT, SIR!" SHE PANTED. "FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, DON'T GO!"

coming back to her—"I meant no harm by what I said. Sure, when I looked across the room you made me think of a bit of a primrose you'd see in a boreen at home wilting because the bush that sheltered it was tore away."

"And I thought"—her slender body seemed to contract with the agony of recollection—"God help me, what I thought was not the truth."

"God help us all when we begins to doubt the wan that's dearer to us than our heart's blood."

"'Tis well to be sure," she went on slowly—"sure before you spake the word that can't be onspoken."

"If some one had said that to me then!" Her breathing seemed to tear the delicate throat. "But I would not listen to him, and now—now it is too late!"

"'Tis never that," Mrs. Maguire said, with conviction.

"It is. He said if I left him it would be final."

If Mrs. Maguire's fingers flew, her thoughts went at such bewildering pace that she started when her companion rose. She took and patted between her own the hand held out to her, looking beyond with unseeing eyes.

"She'll come back," she thought, with the assurance of one who knew. "And he, Mother of God! Isn't it the pity of the world to see them parted? And for nothing at all, most likely!"

It was strange after that, on days when a slight figure in dark blue sat in the ladies' waiting room, how many excuses Mrs. Maguire found for excursions to different parts of the station, with what eagerness she set out on these expeditions, and with dejection written in every line of her comely face when she returned.

"'Tis watching for him she is herself," she thought, meeting the wistful interrogation of the dark eyes. And never did maiden look for the coming of her lover as did Mrs. Maguire for the tall figure which had imprinted itself on her memory.

It was a matter of genuine importance, however, which called her away one day just as her visitor entered.

"I'll be back in a minute. 'Tis the superintendent himself wants me," she explained, smoothing down a snowy apron in a little bustle of excitement.

Half an hour later in returning she passed by the long line of tracks. A crowd surrounding a woman whose dark head was covered with a cotton handkerchief attracted her attention, and she drew near.

"What's the trouble, Mike?" she asked a uniformed fellow countryman.

"Thim dagos!" Mike jerked a thumb over one shoulder. "Wan of thim lost his mother, and nothin'll do the gang [illegible] No. 57 was [illegible]."

Mrs. Maguire [illegible] looked at the tall figure. One [illegible] was sufficient. A moment later she was hanging on his arm with all the pressure of her 175 pounds.

"Wait, sir!" she panted. "For the love of heaven, don't go!"

He looked down, amazed.

"Oh, I'm not mad, don't you think it." And indeed the gray eyes raised to his were wonderfully sane behind their steel rimmed glasses.

"She's in there," Mrs. Maguire whispered.

"She! Who?"

"Herself—the little girl you married four years ago. Oh, didn't I see you? Sure, 'twas little else I did that blessed day but look at the picture you made. The curse of the Almighty on whoever came between you, for sure you must have the kind, brave heart to do what you just done."

The man paled as he had not done when looking death in the face.

"Go!" Mrs. Maguire gave him a push toward the waiting room door. "She's in there, I tell you, sitting her heart out for a sight of you. And" grasping him again, "don't you say a word, but just take her along home."

As his broad back disappeared Mrs. Maguire laid hold of a newspaper stand for support.

A few minutes later when, with flushed cheeks, she passed, humming a bar of "Eileen Aroon" above a lump which threatened to choke her, they were sitting where they had sat four years before.

"Dear," he said huskily, his head bent over hers, "that we should meet here—it was fate."

"And Maggie Maguire," added that worthy woman as she entered her own domain.

Snubbed the Prince Consort.

Commenting on the slights that were put on Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, Sidney Whitman says: "The prince consort brought to England ideas of his princely prerogative from Germany which did not accord with those to which the English aristocracy were accustomed and all the less so since many English noblemen thought themselves every bit as good as a German prince. One morning Prince Albert joined the meet of the royal buckhounds. All were awaiting the arrival of the master of the hunt in order to start the hounds. The prince consort ordered the hunt to begin, and this was at once done. Shortly afterward the master arrived and, hearing what had occurred, ordered the hounds to be called off and, turning his back upon the party, galloped off without further ado. Prince Albert rode back to Windsor and complained to the queen, who shared his indignation. She sent for Lord Palmerston, who was prime minister, and insisted that he should immediately call on the master of the buckhounds to resign. The prime minister replied that if this was her majesty's pleasure he saw no alternative but to place his own resignation, as well as that of all his colleagues, in her hands. The queen, therefore, for the time being at least, had to condone the slight put upon her husband."

Malay Running "Amok."

"Amok" is a religious fanaticism, a madness under which a man makes up his mind to kill any one he can until he himself is killed. Brought on by drink or religion, or from whatever cause, the process is the same. The madman seizes his creese and rushes headlong down the street, cutting at every one he meets. To any one who has seen a creese or a parang further detail is unnecessary.

A man running amok is as a dog with hydrophobia, but the panic caused by the former is by far the worse. Like the mad dog, the madman is followed by a noisy rabble, who sooner or later run into their man and exterminate him. When this vengeful rabble is made up of bloodthirsty Malays and Chinamen, its wild rage and fury are beyond control, beyond description. The clamor and blood curdling yells of the pursuing crowd and the ever nearing shout of "Oran amok! Oran amok!" are incidents which can never be forgotten by any one who has seen or heard them. The bravest quails when suddenly turning the corner of a street his ears are greeted with the cry of "Oran amok!" and a few yards off he sees a Malay running straight at him, brandishing in his hand the bloody creese with which he has already slaughtered all in his way.

ALLIGATORS AS BOATMATES

Experience With One That Had Been Apparently Killed.

Alligators move rapidly under water, are hard to see, harder to hit, and the harpoon will penetrate only the least accessible portions of the body. Nor does the title to the hide necessarily pass with making fast the weapon.

One afternoon in the Cheeschowitzkee river I harpooned a large alligator which towed me up and down the stream for an hour or two and then sulked in its deepest part. I pulled on the line until the boat was directly over him and stirred him up with the harpoon pole. He rolled himself up on the line in the manner peculiar to sharks and alligators and banged the boat suggestively. We rowed to the bank and, making fast to some bushes, hauled on the line until we succeeded in worrying him nearly to the boat, when he rose to the surface and attacked us with open mouth. We repelled the attack with harpoon pole and rifle. The former was promptly bitten in three places, but the latter apparently [illegible] killed him. It was so nearly dark that we concluded to carry him to [illegible] down the river to where [illegible]. We broke the [illegible] the head of the alligator [illegible]. We [illegible] the [illegible] came to [illegible] with his tail which [illegible] out of the skiff into [illegible] the breath knocked out of [illegible] my hand and face badly cut by the glass.

Boat and belongings were capsized. As my rifle had fortunately been left upon the bank, I was able to kill the alligator again. We secured him by floating the boat under him and then bailing it out. The alligator completely filled the boat, so that my companion and I sat upon his back as we paddled down the river with gunwales unpleasantly near the water.

It was growing dark, and the water around us was becoming alive with alligators. While we were reflecting upon our overloaded condition our alligator came to life again and shifted ballast until water poured over the gunwale. We quickly balanced the boat, only to see it again disturbed and to ship more water. A scramble for the shore followed, which we reached without capsizing and where we left our victim for the night after again killing him. In the morning our buzzard friend from the Hudson river, surrounded by his family, was sitting above him in the tree waiting for us to attend to our carving duties.—Country Life In America.

UNPLANTED CORN.

It Has a Habit of Getting Uneasy In the Spring.

"It beats all," said a Bergen county farmer, "what curious things we find in nature that we can't explain. You kin go over a lot of 'em, and there's yet one that you can't tell me why it is. That's corn heatin' up in the spring.

"You take a lot of corn. I don't care if it's whole corn, or cracked corn, or cornmeal. You keep it in any kind of storehouse—the common granary, like we have on the farms, or the store or brick buildin' like many of the grocers and feed dealers have it in. When it comes corn plantin' time, that corn of yourn 'll [illegible]. Soon's the blades start out of the ground, then you'll have to hustle to save your grain.

"Soon as when the time comes along fur corn to be planted the corn in the bags, no matter what shape it's in, begins to heat up, and when the planted corn begins to grow what you've got stored will git so hot it'll fairly smoke. You've got to take it out of the bags and spread it out so it'll cool off or you'll lose it all. In a few days it'll cool down again, and you won't have no more trouble with it durin' the summer, no matter how hot the weather gits. It's jest when the planted corn starts: that's all.

"Curious? Of course it's curious or I wouldn't speak of it. I might understand how whole corn would act that way, but when it comes to cracked corn and cornmeal then it's too much fur me. And I'll bet you can't tell why it is, 'cept it's jest nature tryin' to [illegible] herself."—New York Mail and Express.

Writing on Wood.

Some persons are of the opinion that the first writing was upon thin pieces of wood. From their convenience this seems probable. Such boards were used at an early period by the Greeks and Romans, and were frequently covered with wax, which was of course more easily written upon than the bare wood. Where wax was used errors were readily erased by rubbing with the blunt end of the piece of metal which served for a pen. To make the writing more visible it appears that some black substance was smeared over the surface of the white wax and remained in the scratched marks.

Good Enough as It Is.

"Doctor, if a pale young man named Jinks calls on you for a prescription don't let him have it."

"Why not?"

"He wants something to improve his appetite, and he boards at my house."

It Would Seem So.

Fair Niece—Why do you object to duets so strenuously, Uncle Tom?

Uncle Tom—Because when two people attack one inoffensive piece of music simultaneously it's taking an unfair advantage.—Chicago News.

Very conservative in all matters are the Turks, and especially slow to adopt modern improvements of any kind.

When a man quits smoking and goes to chewing he is not much of a hero.—Atchison Globe.

WHITE FEATHER

By IRENE ROWLAND

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Four men were seated round a moth eaten green baize table when the Kid flung his long legs over the window sill and sat there nonchalantly kicking his heels against the rough walls of the cabin. It was the most serious moment of the Kid's life, not excepting the one in which his father had sent him west in disgrace. To go west that had been something to look forward to; but to be sent back east again in a worse state of disgrace than ever!

That was what they were planning to do—those four men around that little table, in the midst of which burned a smoky kerosene lamp. They were packing some [illegible] up [illegible] Farley, the Kid's [illegible] the party [illegible] Keen [illegible].

[illegible] Cutler had held [illegible] his spinal column. But these were only rumors. At any rate, Cutler had never shown the white feather and he was merciless to those who did.

The others of the group were Addie Easton, who had been center rush and "strong man" of his class at Harvard; Keen Taylor, the marksman from South Carolina, where shooting is a fine art, and Hal Farley, the elder brother of the Kid, as brave, as cool a fellow as ever sought his fortune in the west.

"I move," said Collin without glancing at the Kid, "that we send him back east tomorrow. He's shown the white feather. A man who will break his guard isn't worth the bacon he eats. He goes tomorrow!"

Hal's eyes ran tenderly over the figure sitting in the window.

"Wait a minute," he said slowly. "You haven't found out the facts of the case yet."

"The great fact is this: He wasn't here when I came back last night, and every infernal rustler in Ram county might have carried off our goods if I hadn't stayed here."

"You're sore," said the Kid, taking his pipe out of his mouth for the first time, "because you couldn't get back to the dance. You're all sore because Essie Wayland didn't go to the dance. You want to know where she was? She was with me; that's where!"

Four faces at the table were red. Essie Wayland not at the dance and with the Kid! Four men who loved her, or thought they did because she was the only eligible girl in Ram county, looked at one another sheepishly. At length the Kid's brother laughed weakly.

"The Kid always was a 'winner' with the women," he remarked in an attempt to be facetious.

"Thank you, Hal," said the Kid sarcastically, removing his pipe once more. "I'll tell you the whole blooming story if you want to hear it. It was a contemptible trick, and you know it, to put me on guard the night of the dance. You fixed the guard nights so that you could all get off to the 'good time' and left me here with a novel I've read eight times and half a pipeful of bad tobacco to enjoy the pleasant solitude.

"I guess if you'd been in my place last night alone in this hole, with that moon overhead and dead certain that Essie Wayland would be at the dance and longing to dance with you, you'd have done just as I did. I wrote her a note to meet me on the south road. I told her it was my night on guard and that I couldn't get to the dance, but I suggested that we take our dances out in a moonlight ride.

"I was dead certain I'd get back before you did, but Cutler had to come sneaking back here to steal one of my collars and a new tie I got in [illegible]—oh, yes, you did, and he found me gone. You can believe it or not, as you like, but it was Essie Wayland, not fear of 'rustlers,' that took me out."

"That doesn't do you any good, Kiddie," said Hal quietly.

"Because you're all making blooming idiots of yourselves over Essie. It's jealousy." And the Kid pouted like a spoiled girl.

"Well, you've got to take yourself and your charms back east. That's the 'all' of it!" cried Addie Easton, bringing his heavy fist down on the table. The kerosene lamp spluttered ominously, but nobody noticed it.

"Say, boys," broke in Hal Farley pleadingly, "give the Kiddie a chance. Try the cut of the cards." And he threw a pack down in the midst of them.

"He doesn't deserve it," grumbled Easton.

But Hal had shuffled the cards.

"Over seven he stays; under seven he goes!"

The Kid leaned eagerly forward from his seat in the window. Collin lifted the upper half of the pack slowly and looked up at the Kid before turning it. Suddenly and without warning the kerosene lamp sputtered, and for a second the room was as black as night. Collin dropped the cards with a cry. The lamp flickered up again, and four white faces gazed at each other, horrified, across the table. Who had forgotten to fill the lamp?

There was another ominous sizzle and the flame went blue. The men sat rooted to their chairs. They knew, as they looked at each other, that they had just one moment to live before that lamp would explode and pour its burning oil over them and their tiny cabin.

Then with one wild yell those four sprang up and made, struggling madly for the door. Hal was the quickest. He gained the narrow opening with a bound. But the others were upon him in a second, struggling, panting.

"White feather!"

It was the Kid's voice that rang out over the tumult. The men stopped where they were. What they saw held them to the spot.

With one graceful, nonchalant swing the Kid dropped from the window sill. A moment later he had reached out a long strong arm and grasped the fated lamp about the handle; then, lifting it high above his head, he flung it far out through the open window.

There was a deafening crash, a momentary yellow blaze, and all that remained of the tragedy was a heap of shattered glass and china, a bit of burned grass and four men, who stood staring in amazement at the place where the Kid had been.

"Hello, Kiddie! Where are you?" cried Farley in an elated voice.

"Nearly broke my neck," was the reply from the far corner of the cabin. [illegible] "And, oh, by the way, Hal, when you get your breath and your self respect back, I'll tell you something else." With this the Kid came out holding a [illegible] above his head. It flashed on the faces of the group. Their expressions were a study.

"I've got something else to say," went on the Kid. "I signed your name, Hal, to the note I wrote to Essie. She was furious when she found out it was I instead of you, and she rode straight back home and left me to do my moonlight cantering alone. I guess, if you go in, after I'm gone, you can win if you don't show the white feather."

"Kid," said Cutler, coming forward with a big hand outstretched, "won't you forgive and shake hands and stay? You're a gentleman."

The Kid's face shone.

"Well, maybe I will if you'll all 'pologize like that."

And they did.

A Terrible Revelation.

M. Sarcey was at one time very shortsighted, but a successful operation made him long sighted to an extraordinary degree. This restoration of his sight was not altogether an unmixed blessing. For the first time since his childhood he could see things at a distance. His home, that he thought so fine, was found to be neglected and dirty; his precious china was chipped and cracked; his books were soiled and torn. But the crowning blow came when a grand luncheon was given to celebrate the restoration of the critic's sight. Women were invited in great number and came in their very best. The Comedie Francaise, the Vaudeville, the Odeon, were represented by their fairest ones, and the table was a "gift for the gods," at least Sarcey would have thought so six weeks before.

But very soon his countenance fell and I saw his eye wandering about in astonishment, aye, in distress. He [illegible]. After the coffee he made a sign to me and I followed him upstairs, believing him to have been disturbed by the thought of some work which ought to be done at once. But he threw himself heavily on the sofa, which groaned as if sharing its master's despair, and exclaimed piteously: "Good heavens! Why, they are all frights! They are all dyed, painted, wrinkled, scraggy! Oh, mes belles dames, what has become of them?"

How the Armada Fought.

The Spanish officers behaved with the desperate heroism which became the countrymen of Cortes and Santa Cruz, and never did Spanish soldier or seaman distinguish himself more than on this tremendous day. There was no flinching, though the blood was seen streaming out of the scuppers. Priests went up and down under the hottest fire, crucifix in hand, confessing and absolving the dying.

But the engagement from the first preserved the same character which had been seen in those which had preceded it. The Spaniards' courage was useless to them. Their ships could not turn or sail; their guns were crushed by the superior strength of the English artillery, they were outmatched in practical skill, and, close as the ships were to one another, they could not once succeed in fixing a grappling iron in an English rigging. Thus, while their own losses were terrible, they could inflict but little in return. They had endured for five hours to be torn to pieces by cannon shot, and that was all.—Spanish Story of the Armada.

Eton Slang.

Every public school has its own peculiar customs and slang, but Eton seems to be particularly well supplied in this respect. At Harrow it is or used to be the height of cheek for a boy to turn up his trousers till he had been three years in the school. At Eton it is just the other way, and it is part of the school etiquette for a boy to turn up his trousers, to keep the bottom of his waistcoat unbuttoned and if he has need to use an umbrella never to roll it up.

Some of the so called Eton slang is common to other schools, but most of it is only to be understood of Etonians. "Sock" as a noun means food of all kinds; as a verb it is equivalent to "to give." "Scug" is primarily a boy who has no colors, but it is more particularly applied as a general term of abuse. "A cool" at football is a hard kick by one of the forwards. A "tug" is of course a colleger, and a "tosh pan" is a sort of footbath.

Whales In the Thames.

In former times the appearance of a whale in the river Thames was considered ominous. One was caught off Greenwich three months prior to the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the common opinion was expressed by Heath in his "Flagellum." "It pleased God," he remarks, "to usher in his end with a great whale three months before June 2, that came up as far as Greenwich and there was killed." Evelyn in his "Diary," under the date of June 3, 1658, mentions that a whale was killed off Greenwich and that it drew an "infinite concourse to see it by water, horse, coach and on foot from London and all parts." According to Robert Hubert, in his "Catalogue of Natural Rarities," the tongue of this whale was exhibited daily for some time at the "Miter, near the west end of St Paul's church."

In February, 1877, another whale was caught in the Thames, and in the Times of that month appeared an advertisement for a piece of ground, some 40 feet by 60 feet, "on which to exhibit a whale." [illegible]

[illegible] years of age, "How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?" He thus proceeded with the business of illustrating his reply.

Taking up Yorick's skull he spoke the words of the text: "Now, here's a skull that hath lain in the earth three and twenty years. Whose do you think it was?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Sullivan as Hamlet.

"This skull, sir," said Hoskins, "was Diavolo Antonio's, whom Booth fought in this city!"

The house roared with laughter, while Sullivan stamped and fumed, exclaiming, "Yorick's, sir! Yorick's!"

"No," said Hoskins coolly, when the tumult had subsided, and taking up another skull. "This is Yorick's skull, the king's jester; but t'other's Antonio's, just as I told you."—Kansas City Independent.

Bottom of a Sea Falling Out.

Scientists tell us that, counting from the sea level, the lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian sea. For centuries its surface has been gradually settling down until now it is eighty five feet lower than that of its near neighbor, the Black sea, which also lies far below the level of the oceans. The common conclusion all along has been that the Caspian was simply losing its waters by evaporation, but recent investigation shows that this is not the case. Soundings made and compared with records of soundings made over 100 years ago reveal the astounding fact that there is even a greater depth of water now than then. This leaves but one hypothesis that would seem at all tenable—that the bottom of the sea is actually sinking. There is much speculation as to what will be the final outcome.

Rice Paper Not Made From Rice.

Rice paper is not made from rice nor from rice stalks, nor has it any connection whatever with rice. It is of Chinese manufacture and is made from the pith of a certain tree resembling the elder. The pith is extracted from the tree in large cylindrical masses, and with sharp knives the Chinese pare off the cylinder till instead of a cylindrical form they have a large flat sheet. This is pressed and other sheets added until the required thickness is secured. The paper is then [illegible] and is ready to use. It was called rice paper under the supposition that when it was first introduced into Europe it was made from rice, and the name has never been changed.

Cheese.

Cheeses come under these general heads, whole milk, skim or sour milk and whole milk and cream. The ripening of cheese [illegible] its flavor is due to the action of bacteria, which are ever present in milk, also in the rennet which is used [illegible]. Foreign cheese which has been improperly handled is apt to contain deleterious bacteria. Cheese has great nutritive value. It yields nearly three times the amount of calorie yielded by moderately lean beef.

Indignant.

Clara—Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Snappeschotte's?

Miss Maydeval (angrily)—Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence.

"Gracious! What was it?"

"Why, on the back of every picture were these words, 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

Steadfast.

Tupman—My watch is one of the cheapest makes, but it hasn't varied a second in the last three months.

Snodgrass—It seems almost incredible, doesn't it?

Tupman—Oh, I don't know about that. It stopped the first day I bought it and hasn't gone since.

Evidences of Affluence.

"Why do you think he is a millionaire?"

"Because he spends so little money and his son spends so much."—Chicago Post.

Aptly Expressed.

Small Boy—I got two lickings today, one from pa and one from ma.

Big Boy—Yes; they are a spanking team.—Princeton Tiger.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

Some of Them Have Queer Ideas About Fires From Lightning.

One Russian village through which we passed was the embodiment of filth and squalor. A destructive fire was raging at one end of it, and round this all the inhabitants were gathered. One house was already burned down, a second was one mass of flames, and the fire was rapidly spreading to a third, yet not a hand was raised to arrest its ruinous progress.

"Why on earth don't you put out the fire?" shouted my companion to one of the peasants, who approached me with a servile and wistful look, as if he expected an offering of money. "Have you no buckets?"

"Surely your excellency deigns to know that it isn't buckets we need!"

"Well, it isn't strong arms, either, I fancy. Why don't you go to work?"

"Your grace wouldn't have us fly in the face of heaven! We've sins enough on our souls without adding that black crime to them. Wasn't it God's own lightning that set Petroff's house on fire a couple of hours ago? And bad as we are, there's not a man in the village that would raise his hand to undo God's holy work."

My friend raised his hand, waved it desperately and we drove on.

"It's a mere waste of breath to reason with them," he said. "They would as soon think it wrong to try to put out a fire that God had kindled with his lightning."—English Magazine.

Good News.

A certain ex-congressman tells a story about a widow in his district who desired a position in the agricultural department.

"There was no vacancy at that time," said he, "and I was consequently compelled to advise my constituent that I could do nothing for her until later. But she persisted in her efforts to obtain a position and for two weeks thereafter met me at every turn. One morning I had just finished breakfast when I was told by the servant that she was awaiting me in the reception hall. So I assumed as pleasant a demeanor as possible, and entering the room, said in a sympathetic voice:

"'Well, my good woman, what news?'

"'Good news,' she said; 'good news, Mr. Allen.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I'm glad to hear that. And what is the good news?'

"'Oh,' she said, 'good news, Mr. Allen, good news. A woman in the agricultural department died yesterday.'"

Jade.

The most precious of all stones, according to a gem expert, is the jade, on account of its rarity, its extraordinary qualities and the mystery of its cutting. It was regarded as a sacred stone, and nobody had a right to possess it except a prince of imperial blood. Aggerius Chatus, a famous physician in Amsterdam at the time of the renaissance, published a work on the jade, or nephritic stone, as it was then called, on account of its action on the renal system. At the same period Italian authors spoke of the jade as osiada and discussed its wonderful powers for healing sciatica.

The legends surrounding this stone abound in history. Good specimens of jade are extremely rare, and the world is at a loss to know how the Chinese managed to cut it, because it is so extremely hard that nothing can make an impression upon it.

The First Linen Paper.

Linen cloth was occasionally used for writing purposes, but was never very common. Linen manuscripts have been found folded in mummy cases, and the Chinese before the invention of paper used silk and cotton cloth. The Romans also wrote upon linen. The use of this material introduced a change in the manner of writing. The other substances were rather engraved than written upon, an iron point being used for the purpose.

To write upon linen it was necessary to have some colored fluid which might get dry and leave a permanent mark. The first ink used was probably some sort of soot or lampblack mixed with size or gum water, and the first instrument answering to our pen was a reed.

Long and Short Hair.

Franche says: "Long hair was the distinguishing characteristic of the Teutonic tribes. It was a mark of the highest rank among the Franks, none of whom but the first nobility and princes of the blood was permitted to wear it in flowing ringlets; an express law commanding the people to cut their hair close around the middle of the forehead." And this badge of servitude and sign manual of plebeianism in one century has become the essence of style and glass of fashion in another, the freak of one age, the fancy of another.

Considerate.

A gentleman asked Mary, an only child, how many sisters she had and was told "three or four."

Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what had made her tell such an untruth.

"Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child!"

What He Knew.

Wiseum—Honestly, now, did you learn anything while you were in college?

Graduate—Um—well, I learned how to state my ignorance in scientific terms.

[illegible]

Mrs. A.—I'm surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do?

Mrs. B.—The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in the course of 1,000 years.

Easy to Meet.

"Have you any trouble in meeting your creditors, old chap?"

"No difficulty whatever. I meet 'em everywhere, old boy."

Noncommittal.

Judge—What is your age, madam?

Witness—I'm at least five years younger than the neighbors think me.—Philadelphia Press.

FAITHFUL DAD.

Here's to You! You've Got Your Faults, but You're All Right.

We happened in a home the other night and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red, "What Is Home Without a Mother?" Across the room was another brief, "God Bless Our Home!"

Now, what's the matter with "God Bless Our Dad?" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, grabs his dinner pail and wipes off the dew of the dawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly handout for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands off the bailiff and keeps the rent paid up.

If there is a noise during the night, dad is kicked in the back and made to go downstairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit; well, dad bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself and draws the neck from the rack after every one else is served. "What is home without a mother?" Yes, that is all right, but what is home without a father? Ten chances to one it is a boarding house, father is under a slab and the landlady is a widow. Dad, here's to you! You've got your faults—you may have lots of them—but you're all right, and we will miss you when you're gone.—Stevens County Reveille.

The Beaver.

The beaver is really a sort of portable pulp mill, grinding up almost any kind of wood that comes his way, says a writer. I once measured a white birch tree twenty-two inches through cut down by a beaver. A single beaver generally, if not always, amputates the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a regular frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair sized sapling, say three inches through, in about two minutes and a large tree in about an hour. The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is not really so tough a problem as it looks. When the lake or pond is frozen over, a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath so that it will form a wide, flat bubble. The air, coming in contact with the ice and water, is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

Rattlesnakes Seldom Attack.

Of rattlesnakes there are at least a dozen, probably fifteen, different kinds, all inhabitants of America exclusively, where they range from the northern United States down to Patagonia. The common, or banded, rattlesnake extends from Maine to Texas. Once generally abundant, it is happily now a rare animal save in the more thinly inhabited districts of the southern and western states. It may attain a length of five feet, with a large triangular and flattened head. It feeds on rabbits, rats and squirrels and is for the most part a slow and sluggish animal, waiting quietly till some prey approaches it. This sluggishness makes it the more dangerous, as it may be stepped upon unawares, with a most fatal result. But it never either atacks spontaneously or pursues a retreating enemy.

An Irish Refrigerator.

An Irishwoman was looking at refrigerators in a house furnishing store some weeks ago. After examining into the merits and qualities of a number of them she purchased the one that the salesman assured her would keep food the best. Some days afterward the woman called and requested them to take that refrigerator back, as it would not keep anything better than the kitchen safe of the cellar. The salesman mildly suggested that possibly she had not put enough ice in it to keep the things cold. "Enough ice in it? Why, are you crazy, mon? I don't put any ice in it. Anything will keep cold if you put ice in it. I bought the refrigerator so that I wouldn't need the ice."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wagner's Nerve.

Wagner, the eminent composer, had the nerves of an acrobat. Once he was climbing a precipitous mountain in company with a young friend. When some distance up and walking along a narrow ledge, the companion, who was following, called out that he was growing giddy.

Wagner turned around on the ledge of rock, caught his friend and passed him between the rock and himself to the front.

The Voice of Experience.

"I don't care to marry—at least not yet," said the flirt.

"Why not?" asked the matron.

"Because as matters are now I have the attentions of half a dozen men, while if I married I would have the attentions of only one."

"Huh!" exclaimed the matron. "You wouldn't have even that."—Chicago Post.

The Still Voice.

"Whose voice did he like best, yours or mine?" asked Miss Kreech.

"I'm not quite sure," replied Miss Bird. "His remarks were a bit ambiguous."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He said he liked my voice, but that yours was better still."—Philadelphia Press.

The Bank of England has a pair of scales so accurate that an ink spot on a piece of paper visibly affects the balance.

Finds a Lack.

"The great poets are born," remarked the sententious person. "Yes, and they are also dead," replied the editor wearily.—Philadelphia Record.

Mistakes seem to be necessary. A man who can't show scars isn't much of a woodchopper.—Atchison Globe.

THE COLORADO APACHE.

As an Accurate Man Tracker He Has No Equal.

As a trailer the Colorado Apache has no equal. He possesses the acute instinct of the hound combined with an accurate sense of vision. A turned leaf, a fleck of gravel cast aside, the displacement of a pebble from its bed all are clear, readable pages.

They ask few if any particulars of the man they are to follow. They will, as they progress on his track, gather up for themselves one by one little items as to his personality, which are nearly always verified in the end.

When following a trail over the iron capped rocks and stony arroyos of Arizona, his face is a picture of intense concentration. Not a syllable escapes him. His pace varies from no visible cause. At times he almost runs; then, with a rapid glance behind, he glides along slowly and with eyes glued to the ground possibly for hours. Here and there may be a few stretches of sand, but dry sand leaves after the footstep only an indentation, closing after the pressure, so that to the inexperienced eye it might have been a horse or a mule that made it and not a man.—"Man Trailing With Human Bloodhounds" in Outing.

Trick Candies.

"The trick cigar has its counterpart in confectionery," said a candy manufacturer the other day. "The callow youth who delights in giving explosive cigars to his men friends demands something similar for the candy consuming sex, and we have to meet the demand.

"The possibilities of a cream chocolate or a piece of nougat are limited, but we have a few contrivances. We make of a very hard candy an imitation of a tooth with a gold crown and hide it in a cream chocolate. You can imagine the rest, a party of women munching candy, one of them discovering something hard and finding a gold crowned tooth loose in her mouth!

"Similarly we imitate a bone collar button in a hard white candy; hide a candy shoe button in a piece of nougat, put a bit of cork in a caramel or fill a candied cherry with red pepper. So long as the candy experts don't weed out these alleged jokers the candy man has to put up these trick candies for them."—New York Times.

Honey.

According to a writer in Health, honey is a valuable medicine and has many uses. It is excellent in most lung and throat affections and is often used with great benefit in place of cod liver oil. Occasionally there is a person with whom it does not agree, but most people can learn to use it with beneficial results. Children who have natural appetites generally prefer it to butter. Honey is a laxative and sedative, and in diseases of the bladder and kidneys it is an excellent remedy.

It has much the same effect as wine or stimulants, without their injurious effects, and is unequaled in mead and harvest drinks. As an external application it is irritating when clear, but soothing when diluted. In many places it is much appreciated as a remedy for croup and colds. In preserving fruit the formic acid it contains makes a better preservative than sugar sirup, and it is also used in cooking and confections. Honey does not injure the teeth as candies do.

Ancient Rules For Carving.

Our ancestors fully recognized the value of good carving, and many were the rules by which a carver was expected to be governed. The ancient "Boke of Kervyng," among other things, admonishes him to touch venison only with his knife and to "set never on fyche, flesch, beeste ner fowle more than two fyngers and a thumbe." Fingers he was naturally obliged to use since forks were a luxury of later date and were not in private use until James I.'s reign. Piers Gaveston, the favorite of Edward II., had three silver forks for eating pears, but this was regarded, no doubt, as a great and special luxury.

Cuckoo Customs In England.

There are or were not long ago in different parts of England remnants of old customs marking the position which the cuckoo held in the middle ages. In Shropshire till very recently, when the first cuckoo was heard, the laborers were in the habit of leaving their work, making holiday of the rest of the day and carousing in what they called cuckoo ale. Among the peasantry in some parts of the kingdom it was considered to be very unlucky to have no money in your pocket when you heard the cuckoo's note for the first time in the season.

The Introduction of Forks.

Forks are articles of such common household necessity to us that we hardly realize that there was a time, and not so long ago either, when forks were entirely unknown. A knife was used at the table to cut up food, but the food so cut was afterward conveyed by the fingers to the mouth. Rich and poor alike were accustomed to this method and so thought it perfectly correct.

It was about the year 1600 and in the reign of James I. when forks were first introduced into England. This "piece of refinement," we are told, was derived from the Italians.

Serpent Worship In India.

Serpent worship, once very widely diffused, survives in India. Sometimes when Hindoos find a cobra in some crevice in the wall of their house it will often be reverenced, fed and propitiated, and if fear or the death of some one bitten by it induces them to remove it they will handle it tenderly and let it loose in some field. When Hindoos are bitten, they have far more confidence in their magic spell or "muntra" than in any medicine, even if they do not scruple to make use of medical aid.

A Quick Answer.

Johnny's Elder Brother (who wants Johnny to go on an errand)—Didn't you know I was looking for you everywhere?

Johnny No. 1 didn't. If I had, you wouldn't have found me.—Chums.

SPELL TERRAPIN.

There Are Five Ways, So You Will Hardly Get It Wrong.

"The terrapin enjoys one distinction that is rather unique," said a man who keeps his eye skinned for curious things, "and it is found precisely in the fact that there are more ways to spell the name of this creature of the water than any other I have any knowledge of. It is almost impossible to spell it incorrectly, and this is something you can say about very few words in the English language. By consulting the dictionary we will find that there are five ways of spelling the word, and they are these: Terrapin, terapin, terrapen, terrapene, turapen. The preference is given to the first way of spelling the word—that is, terrapin—but if a man should happen to write it in some other way he would not be entirely wrong. There is not much excuse for spelling this word incorrectly. Why, a fellow can shut his eyes and hit the mark almost every time. He can write it in the dark. The harder stunt would be to write it incorrectly. And yet it happens now and then that men hit upon the wrong way of spelling this very same word. I have known men to spell it tarrypin, but not in print. But the point I had in mind was the curious fact that there are so many correct ways of spelling the word, and at this time I cannot recall the name of a single other creature similarly circumstanced so far as the dictionary is concerned."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Not Dangerous.

Biggs—Windig is a nice fellow, but he is given to exaggerating.

Diggs—Yes, but that fault is counterbalanced by one thing.

Biggs—What is that?

Diggs—The general indisposition of people to believe him.—Chicago News.

Won In a Walk.

"Say, how did you get off in the glee club try out?"

"Made first bass on four bawls."—Chaparral.

His Conviction.

There are two sides to a jail, and it's easier to get inside the outside than it is to get outside the inside.—Baltimore News.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians having been filed in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February A. D. 1903:

First and final account of William Coonan, guardian of Frank Signori, a minor child of Salvator Signori, deceased.

Final account of Victor Johnson, administrator of the estate of John Johnson, deceased.

First and final account of G. A. Johnson, administrator of the estate of Frank Oscar Johnson, deceased.

First and partial account of Edward Kelley, executor of the last will and testament of Mary Kelley, deceased.

First and partial account of Sheldon Gaston, ancillary administrator of the estate of Henry Morse, deceased.

First and final account of R. S. Rogers, administrator of the estate of John W. Cook, deceased.

First and final account of Gail Cohen, administratrix of the estate of Lewis H. Cohen, deceased.

First and final account of R. T. Lincoln, administrator of the estate of A. T. Godfrey, deceased.

First and final account of Fiona E. Malone, administratrix of the estate of Elizabeth Hart, deceased.

First and final account of Daniel W. Healy, administrator of the estate of William Devine, deceased.

First and final account of James Bray, administrator of the estate of W. A. Young, deceased.

First and final account of James Splain, administrator of the estate of Catherine Phalen, deceased.

First and final account of Enos B. Sage, administrator of the estate of William D. McBride, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., January 24, 1903.

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Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1903,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the township of Keating, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described, as follows, viz.—Beginning at a post 78 rods west of the northeast corner of Lot No. 168, deeded to George Otto; thence north 61.3 rods to a post; thence east 103.9 rods to a post on the west bank of Potato creek; thence up the creek by its courses and distances to a post, the northeast corner of lot No. 24; thence west 164 rods to the centre of the road; thence by the centre of the road north 35½ deg. west 21.5 rods to a post; thence north 10.9 rods to the northeast corner of lot No. 162; thence west 73 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 84.4 acres and being a part of the land which was conveyed to Henry Hamlin by A. B. Walker, sheriff of McKean county, in a deed dated June 2d, 1892, recorded in the prothonotary's office in sheriff's deed book No. 1, at page 42.

Excepting and reserving therefrom and the coal a right of way conveyed to the P. S. & N. R. R. Co. containing 3.25 acres and described in a deed recorded in Deed Book No. 115, page 517; and a right of way conveyed to the Kushequa R. R. Co. containing 3 of acres and described in a deed recorded in Deed Book No. 105, page 107.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame house, with wing, one one and one half story frame house, one frame barn with [illegible] outbuildings, well watered and having thereon an orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of C. M. Preston, R. L. Porter, at the suit of Henry Hamlin.

John Forrest, plaintiff's attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the borough of Kane, McKean county and state of Pennsylvania, part of warrant No. 3216 being lot No. 80, Bayard street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post marking the southeast corner of Hacker and Bayard streets; thence by the south line of Bayard street fifty feet from the centre thereof north seventy degrees east sixty feet (N. 70 degrees E. 60 ft.) to a post; thence by land, now or late of Dr. Young, south twenty degrees east one hundred feet (S. 20 degrees E. 100 ft.) to a post; thence parallel to Bayard street, south seventy degrees west sixty feet (S. 70 degrees W. 60 ft.) to a post; thence by the east line of Hacker street fifty feet from the center line thereof north twenty degrees west one hundred feet (N. 20 degrees W. 100 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing six thousand square feet more or less, being a portion of the premises which were conveyed to E. N. [illegible] by Elizabeth D. Kane by deed dated November 10th, 1892, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 42, page 160, etc.

Improved and having thereon erected one three story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of [illegible] at the suit of [illegible] Building & Loan Association.

A. C. Hilly, plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in Bradford City, McKean county, state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post seventy-five feet south of the southeast corner of Forman and Davis streets, thence easterly parallel with said Forman street [illegible] feet to a post; thence southerly parallel with said Davis street twenty-five feet to a post; thence westerly [illegible] feet to a post in the east line of Davis street; thence northerly along the east line of Davis street twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 67 on map of Bayne, Moore and Kennedy's Plan as surveyed by [illegible] Keith, A. D. 1878. Having erected thereon one two story dwelling house and being the same premises conveyed to [illegible] by W. [illegible] and wife by deed dated October 1st, 1892, and recorded in the Recorder's office in McKean county in Deed Book Vol. 40, page 251, etc.

Provided always nevertheless always, that this present conveyance is made and accepted with full notice of, and subject to all and singular the reservations, exceptions, covenants, agreements, stipulations, conditions, etc., contained in the deed from Samuel G. Bayne and others to Mrs. Eliza Wagner bearing date the 4th day of January, A. D. 1881 and recorded in the office for recording Deeds, etc., in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania in Deed Book Vol. 27, page 487, etc., reference thereto had the same will fully and at large appear.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. Mary Casey at the suit of Johanna Kiley and Julia Winnee.

D. W. Healy and Jas. George, plaintiffs' attorneys.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in Bradford City, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, in the Fifth Ward, bounded north by George Wright, east by Hogan, south by Joseph Dake and west by River street or lands of the Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad Company, having a frontage on Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad Company of about fifty feet and running back easterly about one hundred and thirty feet and being same lot of land conveyed to said James E. Blair by John W. Brennan and Sarah Brennan, his wife, by deed dated the 7th day of March, 1889, and recorded in McKean county records in Deed Book Vol. 48 page 147, then by deed of James E. Blair and wife to Mrs. Josephine Tenny by deed dated 30 September, A. D. 1892, this money advanced is to apply on purchase of said house and lot from James E. Blair, said purchase being made bear ng even date with this mortgage. Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank G. Tenny in his own right and as Administrator of Josephine Tenny, deceased, at the suit of A. M. Williams, Assignee of Heman Janes, Agent. James George, plaintiff's attorney.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Feb. 5, 1903.

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